

BUSINESS SPECIALS.

Under this head business notices inserted for ten cents per line. Seven words to the line. New spring wash goods at Thomas Smiley's.

The Veranda Club will have a baked bean and salad supper and entertainment at G. A. R. Hall next Thursday evening, Feb. 10th. Prize to the best speller. Music, tableaux, etc. All invited. Tickets 20 cents which includes supper.

Ladies' shoes from 60 cents to \$2.50, also men's shoes from \$2.00 to \$8.50 per pair at the Millett Shoe Store.

Remember the remnant counter at Thomas Smiley's.

Come in and hear the phonograph. Lots of records 50 cents each or \$5.00 per dozen at G. A. Kenerson's, Bridge street.

Bargains in tumblers. See ad.

Artists materials at Noyes Drug Store. Bicycles repaired and wood saws filed at Kenerson's, Bridge street.

Edison phonographs, records and supplies at Hills' the Jeweler's. Cash or weekly payments.

Special sale robes and blankets at the Tucker Harness Store.

Shoulder braces at Noyes Drug Store. Cameras and photo supplies at Hills' the Jeweler's. Lowest prices.

NORWAY AND VICINITY

Winter Term of School Ending.

The rural schools of Norway closed the winter term Friday, March 2. The teachers have resigned their positions. Miss Reynolds, who taught the Pierce neighborhood school, returns to her study in Bates College. Margaret Maloney leaves the Crockett hill school and returns to her home in New Brunswick. Evelyn Partridge, who has taught the Pike hill school, will take a business course in the city.

The superintendent reports exceeding the necessity of losing these teachers, as they have been doing work equally as good as any of the rural teachers in town.

The village schools close Friday of this week, to reopen Monday, March 2. The rural schools will reopen at dates most convenient to the people of the several neighborhoods.

The attendance in the village schools the past term has been badly interfered with by an epidemic of sickness, but in the rural schools the attendance was never better before for a winter term than it was this year.

Sudden Death of Mrs. Mercy Foley.

Mercy Catherine, wife of John Foley, died Friday morning at about half past four, after a week's illness. She was 69 years old.

She was the youngest daughter of Benjamin and Melitah Jordan, and was born in this town. She was educated in the Frost Hill school, and worked in Norway, South Paris, and many other places in this State, principally in hotels.

Oct. 11, 1892, she married John C. Foley, who survives her. There are no children.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, Rev. B. F. Fickett officiating. Burial was in Pine Grove cemetery.

Death of Mrs. Antoinette Crockett.

Mrs. Antoinette Crockett died at about nine o'clock Wednesday morning at her late home on Beal street, after an illness of only a week.

She was the daughter of Abel Stetson of West Sumner and was born in that town, living there until the time of her marriage. She mainly engaged in work at home, but was employed for brief times in the Norway shoe factory.

She married Frank Crockett, and besides him leaves a brother Hezekiah, two sisters, Mrs. Sylvester G. Stetson of West Duxbury, Mass., Mrs. Hannah Staples of Turner, and Mrs. Sylvia Bisbee of Ramford.

She was a member of Norway Baptist church.

Funeral services will be held at her late home, Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

How to Pull in a Fire Alarm.

Mr. Editor.—I supposed that every one in town understood how to pull in a fire alarm but I see there are some who do not and for their benefit I will say all they have to do is open the outside door, pull the hook way down and let go, and not touch it again without orders from one of the engineers. This is very important that the firemen may know which way to go.

Yours respectfully,
Geo. F. HATHAWAY, Chief Engineer.
Norway, Me., Feb. 11, 1903.

Frieda Schuner is spending a brief vacation in Bath.

Fred M. Davis was up from Mechanic Falls one day last week.

George Richardson and Lyman Hilton are working for C. B. Cummings & Sons.

J. W. Nash leaves for the Sportsmen's Show in New York, Saturday morning, with his exhibit. The Maine exhibit will be taken from his store.

The ladies of the Veranda Association have a supper and an entertainment next Thursday evening at G. A. R. hall. Music, pantomime, spelling match and a prize to the winner.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Woodman entertained a small party at their camp by the lake Sunday. The snow storm and cold and blow did not prevent the having an enjoyable day.

Edward Dexter of this town had a peculiar experience at the last fair. He was driving a Kentucky horse. After winning the first heat, the horse ran a mile and a half before the driver could stop him.

William Frank Hayes committed suicide Tuesday morning at the farm near by taking poison. He died that forenoon. He was 66 years old and had been on the farm for many years, together with his brother, who similarly suicided last summer. Funeral services will be Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

As a result of persistent inquiries made by our town authorities, Henry Quarters, a brother of the late Frank Quarters, has been found who has not seen his deceased brother for thirty-six years. Mr. Quarters called at the selectmen's office, Wednesday, and arranged for the interment of his brother's remains and proper marking of his grave with stones. He says blood is not thicker than water?

Norway Municipal Court.

A tramp, giving the name of David Clark and claiming to be from Berlin, N. H., was arrested by Deputy Bird at Bryant's Pond and brought into court, Wednesday morning. He had the usual tale of woe to rehearse, but sentence of thirty days in the county jail was imposed.

Subscription Rates.

2 months, 25 cents.
3 months, 35 cents.
6 months, 50 cents.
12 months, 75 cents.

THE NORWAY ADVERTISER

(OXFORD COUNTY, ME.)

NUMBER 7.

FEBRUARY 13, 1903, NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

VOLUME XXXIV.

Death of Ezekiel C. Jackson.

Another of the old citizens of Norway passed away, Tuesday morning, the cause being the troubles incident to old age.

Ezekiel C. Jackson was the son of Lemuel and Nancy (Foster) Jackson, and was born, Apr. 3, 1821, in Paris.

His education was in the schools of Paris, and at an early age he came to Norway to live, carrying on a farm, and practicing the profession of veterinary surgeon. He went to California in 1851 for a short time, and a few years later made a brief visit to that state.

He married, Sept. 5, 1858, Abigail, daughter of Col. John Millett, and there are three children—Dora, Chandler and Belle.

In politics he was a Republican, but held no prominent office.

Funeral services are held this Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Trouble from the Storm.

The storm of Sunday interfered sadly with the running of the electric cars. Through the afternoon the running schedule was abandoned and the work was merely to keep the track clear, but this was too much and cars 2 and 3 were finally stuck near Pine Grove cemetery, and remained there through the night. Monday the track was badly drifted and the cars hardly got through from the Beals Hotel to Hicks' crossing.

Tuesday, by pick and shovel, the road was opened as far as South Paris station, and by Wednesday night cars were running practically the whole length of the track.

Best Entertainment of the Season.

This Friday night at the Norway opera house, the last of the "Peoples' Course" for 1903. A bright, clean impersonation of the choicest bits of wit, humor, pathos and tragedy. The Thespian are a talented company of young actors, who will produce for all lovers of the dramatic art acts and scenes from the plays that the people best enjoy. From the whole world of plays there has been selected for them those which they can best interpret, and such as can be given in a hall like ours with appropriate stage setting. Norway will not have another opportunity for such enjoyment this winter, and may rest assured that the Thespian Dramatic company is worthy of patronage. Aside from the acting of the company the specialties interspersed by the individual artists are alone worth the 35c admission. All seats reserved at Stone's.

Hon. Alfred S. Kimball went to Augusta Wednesday morning on legal business.

George Fogg of Norway was sentenced to six months in jail for the larceny of a graphophone from Kenneth Roy of Auburn.

Eugene Russell is working in Norway Hand Laundry, beginning Monday. Leroy Keene is running on the "electrics" in Russell's place, days.

There will be a circle at the Congregational church next Wednesday evening followed by an entertainment. Supper at the usual hour.

Howard D. Smith went to Foxcroft Tuesday morning on an official visit as Grand High Priest to Piscataquis Chapter of Royal Arch Masons.

Company D go to Auburn and present the fancy drill Friday evening, March 6, at the ball of the Auburn Company in Auburn hall that evening.

Freeland Howe, accompanied by his grandson, Robley H. Morris of Ramford Falls, took a trip to Montreal Thursday and returned Saturday of last week.

Sadie Millett was called home last week by illness in the family. Her place in the lower primary school is filled by Philip F. Stone who finishes the term this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Woodman gave a card party to a few friends Tuesday evening. Both whist and hearts were played. It was a very pleasant affair. Refreshments were served.

The graduating class of the high school gave a social in Ryerson hall, Tuesday evening. There was as usual a large attendance, and the young folks spent a very enjoyable evening.

It was a very familiar sound, though one not heard much this season, that we noticed Tuesday and Wednesday this week, the rattle of anthracite coal, a carload having arrived Monday evening.

The scholars in Alice M. Rounds' room gave an entertainment last Friday evening in Grand Army hall. There was a large attendance and the proceeds have been devoted to paying for musical instruction in the grade, and for bookcase and books to begin a school library.

Owing to Mrs. Alice Richardson being obliged to be much out of town this summer, she sent in her resignation as president of the W. R. C., which was respectfully accepted. There will be a special meeting Friday evening, Feb. 13, at 7.30, to nominate and elect a new president. All members are requested to be present.

Horace W. Oxnard has resigned his position with the Bangor & Aroostook and accepted a place with the "Big Four" railroad. He goes to Mattoon, Ill., and will have charge of a section of construction. This is decidedly a promotion and his friends are much pleased to learn of it. His mother, Mrs. M. A. Oxnard, will return from Houlton and stay with her sister, Mrs. A. T. Favor, for a time.

The special services at the Baptist church closed last Thursday evening. There was a good attendance and a well-sustained interest in the meetings, which were productive of much good. The storm kept many from attending the service on Sunday evening, but the vestry was fairly well filled. The address was a strong and vigorous presentation of the negative of the question, "May Christians Dance?"

Mercy and Harriet Millett are to spend the school vacation at Camden.

If you intend to pay cordwood for your paper, haul it in now. Don't delay.

Stearns' orchestra will furnish music for a social dance in the opera house, Saturday evening of this week.

Randall Porter, who is an electric car conductor in Boston, has been here this week, recovering from a sickness. He thinks of returning to his work next week.

With the Whist Clubs.

The Hoodoo whist club met with James N. Favor and wife, Tuesday evening. Four tables were played.

The Quist club was entertained at whist, Tuesday evening, by Mrs. M. L. Kimball. There were four tables.

The Roundabout club played whist at the home of Miss E. J. Smith, Wednesday evening. There were twelve in the party.

The N. F. O. G. club met with Nellie Andrews, Wednesday evening. There were three tables of the players.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hathaway will entertain the O. K. club at a clam supper, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Bartlett will entertain the Professionals.

There are 19 bodies in the receiving tomb at Pine Grove cemetery.

The installation of officers of Oxford Lodge Ark Mariners will be held next Wednesday evening. A lunch will be served after the ceremony.

WEST PARIS.

Trains Wrecked.

We think that Monday ought to be called "train wreck" day, for the Grand Trunk Ry., at least that is the way it seems. One of their last Monday wrecks occurred here about half past two in the morning. Two freights went in a head-on collision. One engine was derailed, half a dozen freight cars were smashed and several hundred bushels of wheat were scattered in the snow along the track. No one was injured.

The heavy storm made the task of clearing away the wreckage a difficult one, and it was only after a wrecking crew had arrived from Portland that the track was cleared and traffic resumed.

At daylight the wreck gave the appearance to the astonished villagers of a big mogul engine trying to cross the depot platform to get to the drug store of S. T. White. Fortunately no one was hurt seriously.

No less than half a dozen camera owners took various views of it. Walter Arket of Bryant's Pond was among the number. Rev. R. A. Rich had some fine pictures of the wreck which he displayed, Tuesday afternoon, receiving a good number of orders.

Mrs. W. S. Pratt is not so well again.

Frank Noyes of Norway was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. F. H. Packard has the grip. Her mother, Mrs. Carter of South Paris is with her.

John Ellingwood and wife have moved to Bemis to work again for the Lake Company the same as they did last summer.

Georgia Marshall has improved sufficiently to be brought home in a sleigh from Ramford Falls, one day last week. She is still gaining.

The ladies' Aid of the M. E. church met with Mrs. Rich, the pastor's wife, Tuesday, and tacked two comforters for her beside other sewing.

Lyndon Dunham and wife of Brattleboro, Vt., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Dunham. H. R. Dunham and wife of Waterville stayed here over night on their way home from Vermont.

The Dr. Gray Medicine Company, who have been entertaining the public here and selling their medicine for the past week, closed Tuesday night, awarding the piece of silver, a napkin ring to Margie McKenney, who had the largest number of votes.

Jerry Cole cut his foot quite badly while chopping in Will Hammond's woods, recently. He walked a distance of a mile and a half afterwards, not thinking that he had made anything more than a slight scratch, but on examination the doctor found it necessary to take eight or nine stitches in it. Although the wound is doing well, Jerry will find that he will have to quit work for a while at least.

Last week we spoke of the piles of sawed lumber in the Paris Mfg. Co.'s yard. Last Saturday night one of the yards who work in their camp in Albany woods, gave your correspondent the following figures, which will give a more correct idea of the work done and amount of lumber in the yard: Up to that time 1,504,155 feet had been sawed and hauled to West Paris beside a considerable number and been hauled that was sawed a year ago; 102,000 feet were sawed last week. It will take them five weeks longer if 100,000 are sawed each week.

An unusually interesting W. C. T. U. meeting was held at the home of Mrs. L. C. Bates, last Thursday night. One of the number was besides several visitors. It was voted to purchase a few new books to be read in the Union for its instruction and benefit. Also voted to hold a public Willard Memorial service with Mrs. Shedd sole program committee, which will be held Feb. 22, at the evening of the W. R. C. church. Miss Brown conducted a responsive reading on scientific temperance instruction, and Mrs. Bates favored the company with several selections on the piano, which were enjoyed very much.

Bischo District.

Walter T. Knightly is on the sick list. Bert Foster was at home over Sunday. School closed Sunday after a successful term taught by Inez Swift of Snow's Falls.

Wm. Daniels of West Minot was here looking for new milch cows last week. He was in the woods near Ramford Falls Saturday. It was a cold day for such a long ride.

Will Foster and Geo. A. Chapman have sold their apples to G. H. Porter of South Paris.

The G. E. Society prepared a program for Decider Day, Feb. 20. The program was tastefully decorated with evergreens, C. E. flags and C. E. monograms. It was a pleasant night, and quite a number attended the meeting. Rev. W. E. Brooks, D. D., of South Paris opened the regular prayer-meeting; then, after a short recess, the program was carried out, which consisted of readings concerning C. E. works in different places, also the locomotive exercise, which compared the C. E. Society to a steam engine, and singing and music by different members of this society. The meeting was enjoyed by many. Much praise is due to the committee who worked so hard to prepare the program and decorate the schoolhouse.

SOUTH PARIS.

For Municipal Lighting.

The substance of the bill introduced into the legislature last week, allowing this village to establish a municipal lighting plant is as follows:

The village corporation is empowered to install a plant to make, generate and supply gas, or electricity, or both, for street lights and for supplying private houses, stores, etc., with lights, heat and power. They may purchase or lease any water power or privilege within the town, or establish a steam plant. They may occupy the highways subject to the general law of the State.

The care and management will be in the hands of the corporation assessors, or the corporation may elect a commission of three residents. The act becomes operative upon acceptance by a majority vote of the corporation within six months from the date of passage.

The Chicken Pie Supper.

The chicken pie supper at the Congregational vestry, last Friday evening, was patronized by about two hundred people. The affair was fully up to the expectations for there was chicken enough and to spare.

The entertainment comprised the graduating exercises of the Poduk Heights school infant class, with such small and bashful youths as Tommy Barnes, Ray Chapman, Jimmie Wright, Walter Maxing, Hastie Bean and Sanger Maxim. The exercises were very creditable to them. Judge Wilson was the master of the school. The male quartet sang a number of selections.

Each Musical Club.

The last week's meeting, Saturday, was a very interesting and instructive one, about twenty-five members being present.

Ethel Crockett was chosen secretary in place of Rose Monahan, who has resigned.

The club is divided into sides, each with a captain, and each side strives to out do the other in providing material for programs during three months. Each member is to answer ten questions at each meeting, and the one answering the most correctly will receive a prize. The next composer studied will be Schumann. Saturday's program was:

Roll call. Items of interest regarding Chopin Sketch of Chopin's life. Margaret Jones Solo—Christina Belle. Ida Dean Song—A Wish. Mrs. Ethel Noyes Explanation of Chopin's Funeral March. Mrs. Briggs The Funeral March. Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Penfold

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. A. W. Pottle, this week.

Mrs. Shurtloff of Lewiston is a guest at James R. Tucker's.

Howard Wheeler was at home from Littleton, N. H., over Sunday.

O. G. Pratt and George L. Farnham were drawn as traverse jurors, last Saturday.

Mrs. Mabel Poole of Yarmouth visited her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Stowe, a few days last week.

The rural schools close Friday. The village schools continue two weeks more and the high school four weeks.

Mrs. Ella Pray has returned to her home in Providence, R. I., after a visit of some months at L. S. Billings'.

Mrs. Rebecca held a box supper on Friday of this week. All are requested to be present with supper for two.

A number of the members of the Grand Army Post and Relief Corps attended a camp-fire at Oxford, Saturday night, by invitation of the T. A. Roberts Post and Corps.

Sadie L. Porter of this place is chosen valedictorian of the graduating class this year at Farmington Normal school. The class numbers seventy members.

Mrs. C. W. Bowker and daughter Muriel are visiting her parents, J. F. Stanley and wife at Auburn hatcherly. Mr. Bowker spent a few days there returning Monday.

Lola Lane of West Paris, a member of the senior class P. H. S., had a birthday party, Wednesday evening of last week. A group of sixteen were present and a lively and enjoyable time it was.

Freddie Merrill, who has been away for a year or more, put in a sudden appearance, one day last week. He remained here three days and then disappeared again, going it is understood to Berlin, N. H.

A unique and interesting sociable was given at the Baptist church, Wednesday evening, by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. It was called a military social and decoration, program and everything as far as possible was soldierly.

George Robinson was injured by a horse nipping him recently.

J. P. Richardson went to New York, Tuesday, for a stay with friends.

Marion Dingley of Auburn visited Kitty and Isabel Morton over Sunday.

Walter had bought a wood lot of Frank L. Starbird. C. E. Brett also has bought one of Wallace G. Everett.

This Thursday evening will be a benefit entertainment at New Hall for Hubert Perkins. The new young folks orchestra will furnish music and a farce will be presented.

Whittemore District.

Mrs. C. A. Briggs is visiting friends in Lewiston and Auburn.

Mrs. Amos Canwell, who has been sick for some time, is improving.

Mrs. Justina Drake is spending the winter in New York with friends.

F. C. Cotton is teaming from Partridge district to Paris Hill, hauling wood.

A. O. Wheeler is cutting cord wood for F. L. Starbird on the old town farm lot.

Morris Klein is hauling cord wood to Norway from his wood lot. W. E. Cooper is cutting for him.

Next Saturday, Feb. 14, closes the contest in Paris Grange. We hope every member will be present, as business of interest to all is to be brought before the meeting.

F. L. Starbird is hauling pulp wood from the Gilbert Abbott place to the cars for J. A. Kenney. He has two teams at work. Arba Wentzell is driving one of the teams.

Mrs. Celestia Cole, who has been at the Central Maine Hospital for some time, is so much improved that she left the hospital, Feb. 10, and is now with her daughter, Mrs. Horace Tuttle, in Auburn.

BRYANT'S POND.

Dudley-Bucknam.

A very quiet home wedding occurred at Bryant's Pond, Feb. 10th, at high noon. The contracting parties were Dr. R. W. Bucknam of Portland and Olive D. Dudley of Bryant's Pond. The parlor was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The bride was given away by her father and entered the parlor to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin, played by Mrs. H. A. Brown. The bride was becomingly gowned in lavender silk with white trimmings.

Rev. Henry A. Brown of Bryant's Pond officiated. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served. The gift to the bride from the bridegroom was a diamond brooch. Dr. and Mrs. Bucknam will reside at 127 Congress street, Portland.

Not a Sheepish Man.

J. H. Grant of White Oak Hill, Poland, was at Mrs. Alonzo Felt's last week. Mr. Grant is a lover of sheep. He owns five farms in Poland and has 250 sheep and wants to buy more. He spent 12 years in Seattle, Washington, in charge of a hotel but came back to his former home and has gone to sheep raising, making a profitable and enjoyable business.

Alden Chase is very feeble.

Elmer Bowker is sick with a fever.

Clara Bryant is sick with a stomach trouble.

Mrs. S. L. Russ has been sick with a bilious trouble.

Lena Felt returned to her work at West Poland last week.

Mrs. Perley Wilson is very sick. They find it difficult to get help.

Vern McAllister from Portland was at his mother's, Mrs. E. H. Cole's Sunday.

The storm of Sunday and Monday's blow made hard work for man and beast to get the roads passable.

Walter Arket went to West Paris Monday morning to get photographs of the wrecked engine and cars.

George Waterhouse has purchased the stand of Andrew Hill and will soon move into it. Mr. Hill has not fully decided where he may go.

Capt. Charles Adams made a business trip to Bates last week and visited his mother in Boothbay and returned home Tuesday of this week.

Granville Felt and Ronello Davis have bought the late Alonzo Felt farm. The stock and sheep remain to be sold. Mr. Davis expects to move on to the place this spring.

Genevieve Whitman went to the Portland hospital last Friday. Her sister, Clara Hathaway, went Saturday to remain with her while she was operated on for appendicitis.

Mrs. Mabel H. Rowe is reported as improving slowly.

Our town reports have been placed in the printer's hands.

H. A. Bacon has been putting in A. P. Bowker's ice the past week.

Franklin Grange conferred the 1st and 2d degrees on six candidates, Saturday.

A partial shut down of the spool mill last week gave some of the help a chance for a few days rest. Lack of cars has caused the wood and pulp to accumulate here until the streets are almost blocked with it.

The McKinley school improvement gave a fine entertainment at Grange Hall, last Wednesday evening, followed by games and dancing. Rena Dunn, who has had charge of the grammar school here, has proved herself a popular teacher and has shown a good interest in the work of the league.

HEBRON.

You Will Be Happy if Well.

Paine's Celery Compound

Bestows that Health and Vigor that Makes Living a Pleasure.

If you are sick and out-of-sorts, it is in your power to make yourself healthy, strong, and happy.

There is not the slightest reason why you should go through life feeling sickly, miserable, languid, and melancholic. To be well, and strong, means happiness and true joy.

If you are sleepless, rheumatic, neuralgic, dyspeptic, or have the shadows of disease hovering over you; if you are not as bright, energetic, and strong as you were some weeks ago, the use of Paine's Celery Compound will tone up and fortify your whole system, cleanse the blood, correct digestion, sharpen the appetite, and conduce to restful sleep. Thousands once in a half-dead condition owe their present good health to the use of Paine's Celery Compound. Mr. Wm. S. Gibson, of Pleasantville, Ky., writes through sickness and suffering, was brought near the dark grave, writes as follows, regarding his marvelous cure:

"I have been broken down in health and strength, nervous system shattered, kidneys out of order, had nervous and trembling spells off and on for the last ten years. I have taken these bottles of Paine's Celery Compound and all of the above-mentioned troubles have left me, and I can now do a good day's work. I go about my business all day long and I don't worry me, and I now feel better than I have in ten years. I have a good appetite, and can eat and get around on foot as active as when I was a boy. My age is 65 years."

DIAMOND DYES

Color Jackets, Coats, Capes, Ribbons, Neckties, Waists... Stockings with fade or crack when dyed with Diamond Dyes. Direction book and 45 dyed samples free. DIAMOND DYES, Burlington, Vt.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

In Effect Dec. 7, 1902.

NORWAY, ME.

DEPARTURES. For Lewiston, Portland and Boston, 5:25 a. m., daily; 9:20 a. m., 4:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

For Chicago, Buffalo, Montreal and Quebec, 9:50 a. m., daily except Sunday; 8:40 p. m., daily. For Island Pond and way stations, 3:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

ARRIVALS. From Boston, Portland, and Lewiston, 10:05 a. m.; 8:45 p. m., daily except Sunday; 8:50 p. m., daily. From Chicago, Buffalo, Montreal and Quebec, 5:42 a. m., daily; 4:45 p. m., daily except Sunday.

From Island Pond and way stations, 9:40 a. m., daily except Sunday.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For Lewiston and Portland, 5:25 a. m., 5:50 p. m., daily. For Berlin and way stations, 9:10 a. m., 8:40 p. m., daily. For Chicago, Montreal, and west, 8:40 p. m., daily. Arrive from Portland, 9:20 a. m., 5:35 p. m., from Montreal and the west, 5:42 p. m.; Berlin, 6:10 p. m.

For tickets and full particulars apply to M. W. CHANDLER, Agent G. T. Ry., Norway.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP CO.

PORTLAND DIVISION

Portland and Boston Line.

Fare only \$1.00

TO Seacoast and Interior Resorts of NEW ENGLAND.

Steamers leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, and India Wharf, Boston, daily, except Sunday, 7 p. m.

Through tickets issued and baggage checked for New York, Philadelphia and Washington via all rail and Sound Lines. Freight rates as low as other lines. All freight via this line insured against fire and marine risk.

J. F. LISCOBE, Agent, Franklin Wharf, Portland, Me. A. B. HANCOCK, G. P. & T. A. CALVIN AUSTIN, Vice President and Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Office, Foster's Wharf, Boston, Mass.

HEATERS

At Cost

We have a few Oak and Wood Heaters which we will sell at cost to make room for Spring Goods.

J. P. RICHARDSON

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

My hospital is still open for the treatment of the most difficult cases of crippled Furniture.

Upholstering Done

Mattresses Made to Order

AND MADE OVER. MAKER OF

RATTAN CHAIRS

— and —

PICTURE FRAMES

— to order —

Tapestry, Gimp, and Rug Fringe Always On Hand.

OTTO SCHNUER,

MAIN ST., - NORWAY.

G. B. Johnson & Co.

(Successors to Johnson & Kimball)

Commission Merchants

Are headquarters for handling Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Potatoes, Poultry, and all country produce, as they always have a good market. For particulars, write them.

Who Is Educated?

What Is Education?

In one communication the ADVERTISER was warned of the latitude required for the discussion of education—world without end.

Aside from statistics herein enclosed we will try to be brief. What a trite saying is that accredited to Bill Nye: "I had rather not know so much than to know so much that is not so." How applicable this to most of intelligence and of supposed education, who seek to know only that which makes for their personal comfort, and will ignore all statistics relating to crime, even fostering the same in their organizations, religious, political and social. Showing the statistics which follow in this article to a clergyman, he said: "I believe this true, but there are so many living comfortably themselves, they do not care to trouble for others." No, they do not seek to know these things, but rather magnify the good, ignoring the evil, laud the wonderful prosperity of the few, passing lightly over the suffering of the many from the evils of intemperance, immorality, and the freezing greed of capital.

We have but to look around us to see on every hand the decoy of virtue and chastity by both old and young, and what other can be expected of the youth but to "follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors." Illustrations? Yes, for of such is the kingdom of this world.

The following statistics as compiled by Rev. F. W. Shattuck of Bangor from the New York Tribune and Literary Digest, very much condensed, plainly show the lack of education among those who take their orders from the bosses, whose business it is to cover iniquity in high places.

He writes "While it is not possible to get all the dark record even with modern facilities for accurate statistics, for which crimes are never brought to light of infant life destroyed, which only the day of God will reveal, and many other untold crimes, enough is known and recorded, and can be had to make the blood chill in our veins at the thought of the possibilities before us."

"According to the United States census for the past half century, while the population has doubled once in twenty-five years, crime has more than doubled in every ten years. The New York Tribune says crimes of all descriptions are on the increase. The telegraph wires bend under their weight of woe; the old earth quivers with the throbs of a going from the center to the poles. Massachusetts conviction rose from 28,149 in 1879 to 48,896 in 1883. The population running up 22 per cent, while crime rose 90 per cent."

"Twenty-five years ago the amount of liquor consumed per capita was 8 gallons. In 1896 it reached the amount of 18 gallons per capita. The total consumption of wines, malt liquors and spirits in the United States for 1891 was 1,849,176,038 gallons against 1,249,191,553 in 1900, an increase of 99,984,480. In a recent lecture Bishop Coleman of New Jersey said the consumption of liquor among women was increasing with frightful rapidity."

"The Literary Digest of May 12, 1900, says: The rapid increase of crime in the United States—so rapid that the clogging of courts and crowded condition of the prisons are themselves becoming serious problems, and it is difficult to tell what part of the country has a more unenviable distinction of standing first in the production of crimes. The Digest gives the following ratio of increase of criminals to the million of inhabitants: In 1850 there were 290 criminals to the million inhabitants; in 1860, 607; in 1870, 958; in 1880, 1,169; in 1890, 1,813."

And here let me say, when these men whom we elect to make our laws, and to teach our children, who will tell you that the world is growing better when confronted with these figures from their own political bibles which they dare not gainay, then they declare that the world at large is growing better as a whole. They make this assertion and that settles it with their dupes.

The World? The Digest goes on: During the last decade the increase has been far more alarming. In Great Britain from 1895 to 1896 while the population increased 65 per cent, crime increased 700 per cent. In Ireland 800 per cent, and in Scotland 860, and crime is increasing there from 4 to 25 times faster than the population. In 1886 the murder record for the United States exceeded the figures for that year being 1448, thus increasing when in 1895 there were 10,212 murders. Even in our last year, 1901, we have enough to alarm us and cause us as a nation much anxiety. As quoted in the Literary Digest of Jan. 11, 1902: "Lynchings are on the increase yearly as are violent deaths, embarrasments in the courts, and in 1895 while the population increased 65 per cent, crime increased 700 per cent. In two years."

Rev. Mr. Shattuck concludes: "With this dark array of facts before us, with divorces increasing until in some localities there is one divorce to every four marriages, we have enough to cause even the most optimistic to grow alarmed at the appalling condition that surrounds us on every side. These are but a few of the many facts of the conditions of our times."

Thus we behold the predictions of Jesus Christ and His apostles fulfilled in these last days, etc. Have any reason to doubt the above statistics? We think not, for we have had corroborative testimony through other sources, and who that is unbiased noting the crimes that come to us in the dailies from day to day would think of questioning the same? There are comparatively few newspapers that care to deal in this variety of ways lest it should reflect on some pet organization or association, hence the large numbers of people that are left in the dark, and are ready to echo the assertion of the south-sayer that "the world is growing better." Are such as these educated? No, one man cannot know everything, and to quote Bill Nye again, "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that are not so."

What Is Education?

A few words from a school teacher. I think when I see a boy or girl mannerly and well behaved and of heart-whole, he or she is well educated. Also when a school teacher has a higher education than book learning in view for the pupils in charge they are on the road to a true education. When we are being fitted for usefulness in a way to benefit our fellowmen, we are gaining the higher education that fits us for the higher school for which our great Teacher came to prepare the way. Who said "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life." The angel part of man is what is to live on and in another life to which we hasten. We shall arrive at the true education in proportion as we are educated truly here.

Book learning and moral and spiritual education go hand in hand. The Bible, which is the foundation of civilization, is the beginning and ending of the whole. It teaches us of our great Teacher, Whose teachings rightly applied will educate us and prepare us for this life and the one to which we hasten.

A young lady graduate may be deficient in home duties and see her mother wear herself out in toiling for her, and not know how to make bread or sweep a room, which is of far more benefit towards a true education than Latin or law terms. Notwithstanding she has the so called book learning, she is very deficient in the true or higher education. Education is instruction, formation of manners. Education comprehends all the series of instruction and discipline, which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper, and form the manners and habits of youth and fit them for usefulness in their future station. To give children a good education in manners, arts and science is important; to give them a religious education based on Christianity is indispensable; and an immense responsibility rests on parents and guardians, who neglect these duties.

Objects to Proposed Tax on Hunting Deer.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—If some of you do not watch out, your fish and game commissioners will let you hear that has been laying golden eggs for the people of Maine.

To tax a non-resident for hunting in addition to other requirements, is a mistake. It might be fair to compel a person to pay for his meat in bulk, say \$5 a head or in the pound, say three cents a pound, but to compel him to pay \$10 for getting "skunked" would be a most outrageous abuse of power. Should non-residents who pay taxes on Maine lands be classed with those who do not?

One might question the right of the State to tax a man for hunting over his own land or for killing deer which have grown to maturity by feeding on that land, land on which he pays State taxes. It may be right to assume that the State owns all the deer, but is not right for the State to tax a man's land and then tax him for hunting over that land.

Should he pay anything for his game, but being a non-resident he pays a good price now for the privilege of hunting. He should not bear an additional tax unless he does something more than to hunt. I hope others may write you and give force to this growl of A NON RESIDENT OXFORD BEAR.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

LYNCHVILLE.

Two of L. H. Burnham's ox teamsters, Will Palmer and Ralph Adams, are on the sick list.

Mrs. Austin McAllister from Norway is visiting friends and relatives in Albany and Stoneham.

Mrs. Stephen McKee is getting up a soap opera. She called on her aunt, Mrs. Chandler, last Thursday, and stayed all night.

Wallace Elliott has been sick for the past two weeks. He was threatened with pneumonia at first but is on the gain at present.

We have a newly wedded couple, Mr. and Mrs. Alton Cordwell. I understand they are going to keeping house in the house owned by Mrs. Henry Coolidge.

Mrs. Burnham McKee went to North Norway to visit her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Keniston. She went last Wednesday, and Mr. McKee went after her, Saturday.

Dana Wilson, wife and lit le son Leonard, visited her mother, Mrs. Frank Chandler, last Sunday. Mrs. Chandler is stopping with her brother's family this winter.

Mrs. Eugene McKee has got through work at Bethel and has been at home the past week. I hear she is going up to Swan's Corner to stay with her sister-in-law, Mrs. F. F. Hastings.

SOUTH WATERFORD.

Mrs. Addie Hamlin is considered no better.

Several from this way attended the Clerks' Ball at Norway.

Melville Monroe is improving and is considered out of danger.

Josephine Gerry is out of health, was obliged to go to a hospital for treatment.

Winfield R. Kimball of Norway made a flying trip to Waterford, last Sunday.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Albert H. Williamson will occupy the house soon to be vacated by Charles Howe.

A Frances Willard memorial service will be held Sunday evening at the Baptist church under charge of the W. C. T. U.

Fred E. Rendell and wife and Charles Fernald have gone to California for a month.

Charles Howe and H. O. Burditt have bought the Frank Thomas house and will move into it soon.

The public reading room under the charge of the W. C. T. U. has been kept open. It is open to the public day and evening, week days and Sundays.

The fire department was called out Wednesday evening of last week by smoke coming from the roof of Cates block, occupied by Henry Brilliant as a restaurant.

The new Old Fellows Encampment is to be named Davis Encampment for Milton R. Davis, one of the oldest members of the order in town. The institution exercises will be held Feb. 25.

E. W. Babb, who was injured about a month ago at the Oxford mill and suffered the loss of a foot and ankle, has had the leg removed at the hospital in Lewiston. A subscription of a little over a hundred dollars was raised by his fellow employees to help him.

Tom Chapman, who was injured while sliding recently, is a little more comfortable. He has a disease of the hip which was made much worse by the accident. His mother, Mrs. Ida Chapman, who lost an arm because of an accident in the laundry, is much improved.

"Slow Pay" the Only "Premium." Here is a new version of it and it so aptly expresses the right of old subscribers we print it.

"I have your little bill and will send my check next month. I claim the privilege of an old subscriber—the privilege of being 'slow pay.' It's the only 'premium' an old subscriber gets and it is all he's entitled to. I've paid for the good old ADVERTISER for more than 20 years, and I've always got more than I paid for every year."

Norway Woman in the Woods.

Interesting Account of How She Shot Her First Deer—Mrs. Clara Hosmer Loves Outdoor Life as Well as Home—The Hunting Trip.

Mrs. Clara Hosmer, wife of H. H. Hosmer, the well known registered guide, trapper and all round sportsman, succeeded in falling one of the handsomest and largest bucks during the past season that has been seen in this county for many a day.

It was her first hunting trip in the woods and naturally she felt quite proud of her success. The deer was shot in the Rangeley region, Mrs. Hosmer discharging her weapon but once, the aim being to kill. In her own way she tells the following story which will prove of interest not only to the women hunters residing in Maine, and her Norway friends, but also to the many male members of the sporting fraternity.

"I truly feel proud of my feat this year in the Maine woods, and if I am alive will take a trip to the woods next year. My husband and three children, besides myself, were in a camp, miles from civilization, and remained there but one week. This was up in the Rangeley region where so many sportsmen go annually. My husband had hunted high and low for a deer but had sighted but one during the week, and even then was unable to get him. One of my boys was with me when I got sight of the beautiful buck that I shot. "Why a gunner?" I asked. "I had tramped the woods for miles for nearly a week and 'nary a thing did I see. Not even a red squirrel to enliven things a bit. I was about to give up the day's hunt one day, when one of the fleet footed beauties appeared on a nearby knoll. He raised his head a bit and seemed to look directly into my eyes."

"For a half minute I was enchanted as well as was my eight-year-old boy who was with me. After coming out of the 'trance'—if I may be permitted to call it such—I leveled my gun and fired. The deer made a bound into the air and then tumbled dead. It was the first, last and only time that I discharged my firearm while I was in the woods. Was I pleased? Well, I guess I was. All that night after I had returned to camp I lay awake thinking about it. On account of my nervousness it was extremely difficult for me to sleep. The next day I was up bright and early."

"When I told my husband what I had done, he only laughed. He could hardly believe it. We all went to the spot and with the assistance of others who were in the woods managed to drag the animal out of the forests, and then we had him shipped home. Neither my husband nor the boys managed to get anything while there, though later my oldest boy, Bert, got a deer in this county, so did my husband, Mr. Hosmer."

Mrs. Hosmer is a modest woman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bacon, who have for many years resided in this place. She has been regarded by her intimate acquaintances as a crack shot for years. She is an expert horseback rider and has always liked the woods and anything pertaining to outdoor life. In her younger days she would frequently saddle her pony, and with her gun across her shoulder start out for the day, always bringing home a good bag of birds.

She is also an excellent angler, as is also her oldest boy, Bert. When this lad was but six years of age he was known about the village as the "Little Fisherman," and a picture of him has been copyrighted by an enterprising photographer and sent broadcast. Mrs. Hosmer's two smaller boys, who by the way are twins, Bennie and Henry by name, are known as little sportsmen, and even at their young age shoulder a gun and oftentimes go miles into the woods looking for game. They regularly meet with success, and two bright boys would be hard to find.

Her husband, H. H. Hosmer, familiarly known as "Bruiser," is a sportsman of the first water. In the winter months he earns a livelihood by making snowshoes, which he ships to large wholesale houses in Boston and New York. In this work he is assisted by his oldest boy. Both have acquired a reputation for making snowshoes that extends beyond the limits of Maine. Mr. Hosmer knows what life on the frontier is, having many years ago been a cowboy. He can make anything out of leather from a watch chain to a saddle. In the summer months oftentimes Mr. Hosmer makes canoes for which he finds a ready market. By trade he is a carpenter, though he works at his trade but little of the time during the year. The family is truly a typical one, the father, mother and three sons, all being State born and as fond of life in the woods as the animals that abound in the forests. All are crack shots, expert horseback riders, professionals on snowshoes, canoeists and in every way thoroughly up to date so far as is necessary to enjoy their hobby.

A CARD. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50 cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory KIMBALL, NORWAY.

ERNEST P. PARLIN, So. Paris. 45-18

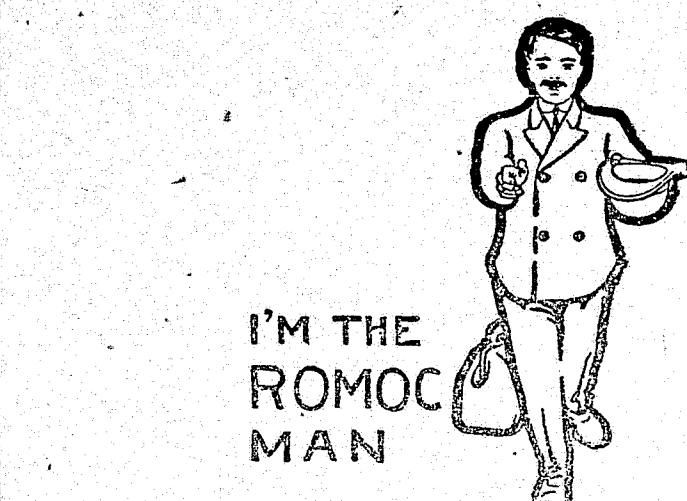
New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune.

For those who want to get the New York news of things the world over and don't want to spend the money or time in buying and reading a metropolitan paper several days in the week, The Tri-Weekly fills the bill. It is issued on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of every week, and contains the essence of The Daily Tribune for the whole week. To those who are interested in good roads or in the League of American Wheelmen it is especially valuable. Price \$1.50 a year. For a free sample copy send a postal card to The New York Tribune, New York.

"The Mineral Bath City." Twenty-one miles north of Detroit is situated Mount Clemens, a city known as "The Carlsbad of America," at which place thousands of people visit every year for treatment of different ailments; and the wonderful cures that are made with rheumatic sufferers are almost miraculous. Frigid among the diseases cured are those that accrue from traces of uric acid in the blood. But the waters of the Springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, general debility, etc.

A handsome booklet giving all particulars with regard to Mount Clemens can be had by applying to J. Quinlan, D. P. D., G. T. Ry. System, Montreal, Que.

Stops the Cough. 50-ly. It works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25 cents.



LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT

RHEUMATISM

RHEUMATISM IS AN ACCUMULATION OF POISONOUS FOREIGN MATTER IN THE SYSTEM, CAUSING INFLAMMATION, LAMENESS, ETC. WHERE THIS FOREIGN MATTER COMES FROM IS NOT CERTAIN—IT MAY BE URIC ACID WHICH THE KIDNEYS HAVE FAILED TO ELIMINATE; IT MAY BE THE STOMACH IS DIGESTING THE FOOD IMPROPERLY; OR IT MAY BE THAT SOME POISONOUS MATTER FROM OUTSIDE HAS CREPT INTO THE BODY. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT ROMOC WILL ABSOLUTELY AND PERMANENTLY CURE RHEUMATISM BY DRIVING OUT THESE IMPURITIES FROM THE SYSTEM. ROMOC IS NATURE'S PRESCRIPTION FOR RHEUMATISM, AND LIKE OTHER MAGNIFICENT WORKS OF NATURE, EXCELS ANYTHING POSSIBLE FOR MAN TO ACHIEVE. ASK FOR BOOKLET.

THE ROMOC REMEDY CO.,
PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. PROVIDENCE, R. I.

C. L. HATHAWAY.

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BUILDERS' MATERIALS of ALL KINDS.

YARD AND OFFICE NEAR DEPOT, NORWAY, ME.
Doors, Windows, Shingles, House Finish, Lumber, Etc.

The Fay-Sho.

If you are in need of a Typewriter, drop us a line and we will send you descriptive circular concerning the Fay-Sho.

It may be examined at the office of the Oxford County ADVERTISER, or we will place one in your office upon trial.

We also furnish competent Typewriter operators and other office help. Our graduates, like the Fay-Sho Typewriter, are guaranteed first-class and sure to please.

If you have been disappointed elsewhere, let us try to serve you. We can do it to your satisfaction.

The Shaw Business College

PORTLAND, AUGUSTA and BANGOR
F. L. SHAW, President.

Popular CLARION Range

No. 8-20, Oven, 20 1-4 x 20 1-4 Inches
Cabinet Base with Nickel Bands
End Tank and Elevated Shelf

This Range is ornamented with a beautiful new design. The End Tank is of the same size and construction as that for our Imperial Clarion. The Elevated Shelf is commodious and convenient. Tea Shelf with two swing shelves can also be furnished. Range Smoke Collar can be used in top or back as preferred, check slide always remaining on top. Burns wood 24 inches long. Flue stopper opens into ashpit. The nickel doorhandles bolt firmly in place and cannot work loose. This Range has all modern improvements, and is up-to-date in every respect.

PRICE VERY LOW
Sold by J. O. CROOKER
138 MAIN STREET NORWAY, MAINE

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO. F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.
BERT'S CORN CURE
Does the work. It will get rid of any corn—big or little, hard or soft, old or new. Money back if it fails. Try it. Don't suffer. Have tough, sound feet.
10c A BOTTLE
— At the Pharmacy of —
F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO., SOUTH PARIS, ME
F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO. F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.

Coming Events.
Feb. 12—Theban Dramatic Co., Norway Opera House, People's Course.
Feb. 12—Veranda Club supper and entertainment, G. A. R. Hall, Norway.
Feb. 12-19—Annual Encampment, Maine G. A. R., Bangor.

New Advertisements.
Want advertisements.....Pages 2 and 8
Office desks—C. B. Cummings & Sons.....Page 8
Noyes Condition Powders....." 8
Sharpley Tubular Separator....." 8
Special sales—F. B. Noyes Co....." 8
Fish—L. L. Gilbert....." 8
Tumblers—J. K. Chase....." 8
Barbecues—Wm. C. Leavitt....." 8
Cut prices—H. B. Foster....." 8
Special sale—James N. Taylor....." 8
Wash goods—Thomas Smiley....." 8
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites....." 8

Charles Grover of North Waterford has a pension, \$10.

"Love stick, name the day, can't wait, wire quick." The above is the wording on a novel 1903 valentine.

Fryeburg Electric Light Co. organized at Fryeburg. Purpose, supplying gas and electricity. Capital stock, \$10,000. Officers: President, H. B. Cotton, Conway, N. H.; treasurer, A. R. Jenness of Fryeburg.

Our County.

In the Legislature.
Mr. Philbrook presented a bill to make valid certain doings of the assessors of Norway for the year 1902.

Mr. Philbrook from the committee on towns on the petition for a law compelling residents moving from town to town to notify town clerk of same, reported that the legislation is inexpedient.

Hove of Canton presented an act to amend the charter of the Androscoggin Valley Agricultural Society. This bill authorizes the association to erect a grandstand on its fair grounds and to issue stock therefor not exceeding \$2,500 and bonds to an equal amount, the whole to be secured by a mortgage on the grand stand, the net proceeds from the grandstand to be applied exclusively to the payment of the interest on the bonds and the redemption thereof.

Shaw of Bath presented an act to grant additional powers to the Auburn, Mechanic Falls and Norway street railway, allowing any street railroad company whose lines as constructed or chartered would form connecting or continuous lines with said company to lease or purchase the same.

Parrott of Oxford introduced an act amending the charter of the Norway municipal court.

WATERFORD.
Will Goodwin is at work for L. E. McIntire on the Hersey lot.

Mrs. E. L. Stone, who has been very sick, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Ida M. Kimball, our village dressmaker, is in Boston and vicinity.

A number of teams are hauling the last of the timber from the George Plummer farm.

Helen, daughter of Chas. S. Hamlin, has been quite sick at Bridgton, where she has been attending school. She is now at home.

Annie F. Wilson is home from Boston, where she has been for some weeks. Report says she has a book in the hands of her publishers, which will soon appear.

Mrs. J. G. Everett is at Gorham visiting at her uncle's, Col. Humphrey Cousins'. Her son Arthur, who has been at Mr. Cousins' caring for him, is soon to go to work for the Grand Trunk R. R. Co.

WEST SUMNER.

Carl Dunham has moved his family to this place.

George H. Packard and son commenced to saw lumber last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Heath visited friends at West Paris a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmann Heath spent last Saturday in Buckfield with their daughter, Mrs. Lunt.

Mrs. J. J. Abbott is improving. Mrs. C. M. Bisbee returned to her home at Rumford Falls Monday.

Ralph Merrill of Rumford Falls is spending several weeks with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Howe.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Verrill of Auburn arrived in town Tuesday on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Maxim.

Quite a delegation of our young people attended the dance at Andrews' new hall, Redding, last Friday evening, and report a fine time.

Charles Ryerson is ill again. He had just begun to gain a little from a long severe illness and it seems hard indeed that he has to suffer this pull back.

"As comfortable as could be expected under such circumstances with good chances of recovery," are the pleasing news heard in regard to Mrs. Horace Barrows.

Elbridge Murch, who was called to South Paris recently by the critical illness of his father, J. M. Murch, reports more favorable symptoms and hopes for his father's ultimate recovery.

Messrs. Frank Brown, E. G. Doble, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. McLaughlin attended the campfire given by the local G. A. R. and W. R. C. at East Sumner, Feb. 7. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Another delightful evening at whist was that of Saturday last, spent with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Chandler. Four tables were entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler doing every thing for the pleasure of their guests, it was in every way a most enjoyable affair.

One of the coldest mornings last week Arthur Bonney tried the temperature of the water in Pleasant pond, then the fastest ride of his life to reach home and remove his frozen garments. Said he was glad he didn't lose his hat. All join in congratulations that there was no more tragic ending to the accident.

WILSON'S MILLS.

D. C. Bennett is gaining slowly. Mrs. F. A. Flint has returned home from Portland.

Elwyn Storey is home from Errol, where he has been attending school. Mrs. J. W. Bucknam has gone to Portland to the Maine General Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. B. N. Storey has been on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. Archie Bennett, the past week.

The roads were ploughed out by road agent H. G. Bennett just in season for the snow storm.

WEST FRYEBURG.

Nearly Exhausted.

One of Dean A. Ballard's handsome grey horses had a hard time, one day last week, trying to break out a road in the woods. Mr. Ballard and Ray with the help of Mark Smith worked till they got the team out and home but it was after nine in the evening when they succeeded in doing so, and the animal was nearly exhausted. The latest report states that the horse is likely to be as well as ever soon.

While Mark Smith was assisting Mr. Ballard to get his team out of the woods, one of the horses stepped upon his foot so that though he gets about he is quite lame.

During a snow storm on the night of Feb. 4th at about nine o'clock a vivid flash of lightning was followed instantaneously by a thunder clap of startling force reverberating for several seconds. Only one flash was noticed before with a distant rumble succeeding and none followed.

The Stirling Literary club met on Tuesday, Feb. 3d, at the home of the vice-president, Mrs. Elmer Walker. The attendance was not large but a good degree of interest was manifested by those present in the pleasing program which included the reading of "An Incident in a Railroad Car," from poems of J. R. Lowell by Mrs. Fred Meserve, and another poem from the same author by Mrs. Walker. Mrs. Meserve read also a timely selection suggestive of the origin of the stars and stripes in the device of the arms of Washington. This number proved so interesting that Mrs. Meserve was requested to repeat it at the next meeting of the club. Mrs. Hill read from President Roosevelt's "Winning of the West" part of a chapter relating to the Louisiana purchase. At four p. m. the meeting was adjourned to the 17th at Mrs. S. O. Wiley's.

Lena Chase of Harbor has returned home from S. G. Hardy's.

Charles Stevens has gone to Porter to drive a team for E. F. McIntire.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Andrews were guests at F. H. Meserve's, Feb. 8.

J. A. Jones has a bad knee. It is badly swollen and keeps him indoors.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Wiley of Stow were guests at Elmer E. Walker's, last Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Walker has returned to her home after some weeks' stay at W. L. Mansfield's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. O. Wiley visited Mrs. W.'s sister, Mrs. John S. Ames at Bridgton, last week.

Mrs. N. R. Hardy has been quite ill with a bronchial trouble necessitating the attendance of a physician.

Willis Farrington is helping Henry Andrews draw lumber, bark, etc., and Fred Shaw is doing his chores.

J. A. Jones and Seth Jewett have completed their lumbering operations, and "Seth" has returned to his home in Bridgton.

The supper and entertainment given at Red Men's hall, North Fryeburg, for the benefit of the Universalist pastor, Feb. 4, was well attended from this section and pronounced a perfect success.

The friends and acquaintances of Stephen Eastman of Keegan, N. H., were pained to learn of his death at his home, Feb. 5, with pneumonia, after a sickness of only one week. He leaves an estimable wife and two sons to mourn his loss.

Mrs. Ella Hardy continues to gain, much to the happiness of her many friends. Her daughter Edith, who had a fine position in the public schools of Kent's Hill, was obliged to cancel her engagement at that place and remain with her mother during her critical illness.

Mrs. Susan Tucker passed away Sunday evening at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. A. Jones, where she had been tenderly cared for during her recent illness. The news of her death will be received with sorrow, for her good deeds and kind heart made her a large circle of friends. Her remains will be placed by the side of her husband at North Conway, N. H. Services on Wednesday, Feb. 11.

CHAPMAN.

Burglars at Post-Office.

Burglars at Frye post-office and store of G. W. Robbins was broken into last week. A plug of tobacco and fifty-one cents in money were secured. No clew as yet.

Herbert Mitchell is on the sick list. J. A. Thurston of Bethel was here recently.

They have a new graphophone at the boarding-house. Kneeland & Farren have harvested their supply of ice.

Will Dyer and Arthur Boucher were at Roxbury Sunday.

C. R. Rice and G. W. Kneeland were at the Falls last week.

A. A. Jones, surveyor of lumber, is in this section quite often.

G. W. Kneeland spent Sunday with his brother Calvin at Bemis.

Wallace Mason of Halo was at the boarding-house Saturday.

NORTH PARIS.

Mrs. Oscar Kimball has a baby boy.

Mrs. Emma Barrett is visiting relatives here.

James Robinson has bought the Clinton Mayhew farm.

Mrs. Martha Andrews has gone to Portland to visit her son a few weeks.

R. B. Nevers' baby died of pneumonia Feb. 2. The other children are very ill now.

In the Forbes district Hazel Ellingwood was as usual absent during the winter term, which closed Feb. 2.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. Harris Ellingwood attended the Pomona at Bryant's Pond.

West Paris Grange will give an entertainment at their hall, Feb. 18. Will serve an oyster supper from 6 to 7.30, followed by an apron sale and literary exercises consisting of songs, readings and a farce entitled, "Smashington Go It."

NORTH WATERFORD.
Mrs. M. E. Millett is doing the work for her mother for a few days.

Several in the village are having the pink eye. Mrs. E. B. York, Howard Russell, Moses Mosher.

While B. W. Rice was after the doctor Thursday on a cross road in Albany, he got his colt in twice all over, and the doctor did the same and he was obliged to unharness before getting out.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"It has been a long time since we have been without Hood's Sarsaparilla. My father thinks he could not do without it. He has been troubled with rheumatism since he was a boy, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine he can take that will enable him to take his place in the field." Miss Ada Dory, Sidney, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Remove the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take them.

HARRISON.

Found Cow Dead.

When Benjamin Harmon went to his barn, last Friday morning, he found a valuable cow dead, cause unknown. This is the third cow he has lost this winter, hard luck.

The coming event for this week is the concert, Friday evening, by Prof. Carl Tolman assisted by Mr. David, reader, and the Bates Glee Club.

Dennis Cromwell started, Sunday afternoon, to drive to Paris, where he is employed in the sled factory and when just outside the village his horse got out of the road and broke the harness and sleigh, and clearing herself ran toward Norway. Cromwell called at the nearest house for help and Frank Moore harnessed his horse and drove on with him for about two miles and recovered the horse, which had been stopped.

The schools closed last Friday. The entertainment given by the grammar and intermediate grades at the town hall, Thursday evening, drew a large audience and is spoken of with much praise. The farce, "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments," was well rendered. Josephine Ricker read "The Blind Girl of Castle Guille" with illustrations by the pupils. The wand drill was very pretty and the call by these same couples was good enough. Lamb's orchestra furnished music. Money enough was received to place a good dictionary in each school room.

J. T. Kneeland went to Norway, Sunday.

Ray Wentworth returned to Rumford, Saturday.

Chas. Wentworth and wife of Bridgton spent the day at A. F. Davis', Sunday.

Ethel Howe, who has been spending several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Lyndon Brackett, has returned to her home in West Paris.

DENMARK.

John Alexander.

John Alexander who has been sick the past week, died Saturday evening, Feb. 7, aged 72 years. Buried Monday at 2 p. m. by the Odd Fellows, of which order he has been a worthy member for years. He leaves a widow and two sons and many relatives and friends to mourn his departure. He has been an upright noble townsman and will be very much missed.

Stephen Jewett is on the sick list. Lester Warren is on the sick list.

Frank Carpenter started Friday on a business trip to Boston.

E. W. Bosworth was in town Saturday and made us a pleasant call.

Our High school and the remaining primaries closed Friday of last week.

Marshall and John Wentworth finished drawing poplar for Augustine Ingalls and wood for A. H. Witham Saturday, Feb. 7.

Mrs. F. W. Witham has been sick the past week and under the doctor's care. She has a rising in her throat but is more comfortable at present as the sore broke Sunday.

A. H. Witham has bargained his store and dwelling and stock of goods to Dudley Perkins of Mechanic Falls, who will take possession in the spring. Mr. Witham has bargained for a house in the village.

C. O. Pendexter and family were much surprised to learn that their son Arthur who has worked in Portland the past four years, has gone to Florida to be gone for two months. He has a job there but expects to return in the spring.

BOLSTER'S MILLS.

Schools closed last Friday. Bert Brackett has gone to West Paris to work for Jesse Howe.

Fred Berriek of Portland was at Eugene Hanson's over Sunday.

There was quite a heavy thunder shower passed over here the evening of Feb. 4. Two days later than last year.

Mrs. James Hanson, who has been quite sick, is somewhat improved. She has been visited by her daughters, Mrs. Libby and Mrs. Berriek of Portland.

The apples and peaches are now nearly all sold. The black spot that has come upon them since harvesting has been a great loss to many who put theirs in the cellar.

Monday's blow following Sunday's storm was the hardest of the season, drifting the roads badly. The Norway stage got to Harrison at a late hour after some hardships. The R. E. D.'s did not cover all their routes.

An interesting Grange meeting was held here Saturday evening. The farce, "Dr. McBeastum" was well rendered by Carrie Weston, Lucy Dorman, Benja. R. Eastman and Orrin Hancock. Next meeting held Feb. 21, at 2 p. m.

NORTH CHATHAM.

D. H. Leavitt's leg is nearly all healed. R. F. Chandler has been enjoying the grip.

The missionaries, Flagg and Cochran, are with us yet.

Aunt Liza Fife had quite an ill turn, Thursday, the 5th, but is now getting along alone at present.

Hazen Chandler has been having a hard time with risings in his head.

Will Sanborn's little daughter Sybil has been having risings in her head.

It seems to be getting a common thing to have thunder showers in February.

School closed at the Eastman school-house, the 6th; also at North Stowe, taught by Nellie Charles of North Fryeburg.

ALBANY.

Young Men Entertain.

On Thursday evening, Feb. 5, the ladies of the Congregational church by the young men, it being the first attempt of the young men to furnish supper and entertainment considerable interest or curiosity on the part of the fair sex caused a desire to be present by many, but owing to the roughness of the weather only the most resolute were present. About forty gathered around the table, where they found their fill of bake beans and pastry for the small sum of five cents each. After the tables were cleared away by the young men, all were invited to be seated while a short but interesting program, consisting of recitations, singing, etc., was successfully performed. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games, after which all departed for their various homes, some to recover from frost bites.

Mrs. Wm. McNalley is on the sick list. Abel Andrews has purchased another horse.

Will Newcomb is working for George Cummings, cutting cord wood.

We understand there is to be an oyster supper and dance in the Grange hall, town meeting night, March 2.

Arthur Andrews was again taken sick last week, and is under the doctor's care, but is much better at this writing.

Clarence Dudley, who has been cutting wood for Abel Andrews, cut his foot quite badly, last week, but is gaining fast.

Will Bird, who has been building a camp for watching forns, was rewarded Saturday night by shooting a fine specimen.

Allen Cummings is cutting pulp for Geo. Cummings which is being landed on the brook near Wm. Holt's in Greenwood.

BROWNFIELD.

Dancing School.

From 25 to 30 couples "tripped the light fantastic" at a dancing school Saturday evening, Feb. 6. The next dancing school will be held one week from next Saturday night, and a masquerade ball has been announced for the last night.

Mrs. Marshall Spring of Hiram is visiting at C. E. Spring's.

Mrs. Annie Lynch of Portland spent Monday at E. B. Bean's.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. O. Wentworth called upon friends here recently.

Gladys Lord of East Fryeburg is the guest of her uncle, E. E. Bennett.

Helen M. Harmon visited her aunt, Mrs. James Wentworth, during the past week.

Rev. A. J. Cameron is having a two-weeks vacation. The church is closed during his absence.

W. M. Allen, who has been visiting at Charles Harmon's, returned to his work in Woburn, Mass., last week.

P. S. Brown and wife of Fryeburg spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Warren. A heavy thunder shower Wednesday night, followed by snapping cold weather.

Among those from this village who attended the Congregational circle, which met with Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Gatchell Thursday afternoon and evening, were Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Cameron, Dr. and Mrs. C. P. Marston, Mrs. Andrew Blake, Mrs. C. W. Harmon, Mrs. Frank Johnson, Mrs. E. E. Bennett, Mrs. Sylvia Gilpatrick, Mrs. Sarah M. Harnden, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Danforth, Mrs. Hannah Stickney and children, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Lizzie Hatch. A bounteous supper and pleasant social evening were enjoyed by all. About 75 people were present from both villages.

HARTFORD.

Business at Hartford Center in pulp and cord wood, is lively.

Robert Stewart is working on the section. He boards with John Dillingham.

F. L. Allen is sick with the grip, and Addison Newton is filling his place as foreman of this railroad section.

Mrs. Ellura Oldham was taken suddenly ill Friday night with an attack of heart trouble. Her condition is critical.

The school at the Center closed Friday. The teacher, Wm. Libby, this is going to Boston next week and taking a job on the electric cars.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newton and little son of Charleston, Mass., are visiting his brother and sister, Addison Newton and Mrs. Nedra Dillingham.

Mrs. Edward Dupron is in Lewiston to see her husband, the man who was run over by the cars a few weeks ago. He is being cared for at the Sisters' Hospital.

WEST BUCKFIELD.

George Bennett, sr., is at Fred Bennett's.

Joseph Bonlas was at Henry Buck's, last week.

Vina Bonney and Winnie Ellwood were at home, Sunday.

Shirley Bonney and wife were at Dastie Turner's, Sunday.

Most of the schools closed, Friday. Ours is two weeks longer.

Sadie Thorn was at F. E. Cooper's, Saturday night and Sunday.

Bert Austin is very sick with pneumonia. He is home from Hebron.

Mrs. James Richards spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thorn, at Buckfield.

Jennie Bonney went to Turner with the teacher, Blanche Holmes, Friday night. They returned Sunday.

Mary Farver left Friday came up from Auburn, Saturday, with a team and had to return Sunday in the snow storm.

Mrs. R. J. Bicknell, Mrs. G. H. Warren and little Judith and Clithro Warren from North Buckfield were at Harry Buck's, Tuesday.

Ontario Harvey and wife of Norway were at Thomas Bradbury's, last week. When they return Ethel Bradbury will go with them.

WESTMINOT.

James Thomas spent the Sabbath at North Paris.

Mrs. Abbie Kidder of Canton visited her sister, Mrs. Celestia Howard, last week.

A. M. Beare and J. M. Farris are to ship a carload of apples to Liverpool this week. S. J. Whittemore and W. J. Crooker shipped one last week.

There was large attendance at the Grange meeting Saturday. Visitors from Center Minot, Excelsior, Hebron and East Hebron Granges were present. Geo. Dillingham of Turner Grange gave a very interesting talk on farming. W. J. Wallingford had a fine paper on trusts and a discussion followed. The Grange here is invited to spend Feb. 25 with Center Minot Grange.

The Doctor's Case
usually contains a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Its use by physicians and by families for more than 60 years is proof of its medicinal value. No single remedy known is of more frequent use in a home than Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.
Colds disappear when you take it internally, dropped on sugar. All diseases caused by, or accompanied by, inflammation, are cured by it, and the list is a long one, ranging from a burn or bruise to diphtheria. Take internally or use externally. In two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. Write for free copy of 64 page book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of the Sick Room."
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Now is the time to buy a Sled. I have a few nice sleds left from my holiday trade, and I shall sell them below cost to close them out. Anyone will save money to buy one for another season. My store is full and prices low. Now is the time to buy, as I have lots of goods I shall sell at reduced prices to close them out.
Yours truly,
F. H. BECK, Norway Me.

RUBBERS RUBBERS RUBBERS

If you want to buy good Rubbers, Rubbers that will wear, be sure and buy the Gold Seal. They are the best goods made, they cost more than the ordinary goods, and they are worth what they cost. We have a full line of them.
Yours truly,
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CARPET BARGAINS

For two weeks we shall sell the Best Quality Extra Super Carpets for 52 1-2 cents per yard. Remember we carry a choice assortment of

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Also all the necessary things for furnishing the Christmas Feast.

We have just taken in some very choice patterns in Rugs

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IN OUR CROCKERY DEPARTMENT.

All of our leftover Holiday Lamps, Vase Patterns, Centre Draft and Elegant Decorated Shades. Prices \$2.50 to \$8.00 at 33 1-3 per cent discount.

We are closing out our "Brown Chimes" Stock Pattern, in English Colored Dinner Ware at 50cts. on the dollar. Call early.

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FAMILY REUNIONS

Holidays bring together a reunion of families. To supply the wants of these reunions you will need a variety of goods to make it pleasant, and a day to be remembered. I have the necessary goods for a reunion dinner, such as Flour, Raisins, Citron, Spices, and Boiled Cider for your pies and cakes, and a variety of goods for puddings; Sage, Poultry Seasoning and Crackers to make stuffing for your turkey or chicken, Cranberries and Canned Goods for sauce, Celery, Fruit, Fancy Cluster Raisins and Nuts

KEZAR FALLS.

Two Deaths.

The funeral services of Mrs. Sophronia Swasey took place at her late residence on the afternoon of Feb. 4th. Rev. Mr. Potter assisted by Rev. Mr. Greenhalge conducted the services and a quiet funeral service was held at the residence. The remains were taken to the tomb at Cornish cemetery, to be transferred later to the cemetery at Limerick, where they will rest beside those of her husband.

Lydia, wife of George Mason, passed away, Feb. 12th, after an illness of several months. Mrs. Mason leaves beside her husband an aged mother and a sister. Funeral services were held at her late residence on the afternoon of Feb. 10th, conducted by Rev. Alonzo Stevens of Westbrook, assisted by Rev. Moses Greenhalge. The bearers were Nehemiah Holmes, Charles Pendexter, Moses F. Norton and Frank Lord. The interment was at South Hiram cemetery, where Horace Stanley, Mrs. Mason's first husband, was buried.

Mrs. Cyrus Durgin was stricken with a shock, Sunday noon, and lies in an unconscious condition. No hopes are entertained of her recovery.

On the evening of Feb. 4th a severe thunder storm visited this village. The dynamo, which generated the lights for Cornish village, was disabled and has been sent to Boston for repairs.

George Kezar, a resident of Boston, was taken sick in that city last Friday, and died the following Monday. The cause of death was said to be a clot of blood on the brain. He was brought to this village on the afternoon of Feb. 10, that his mother, Mrs. Lettice Kezar, who is just convalescing from a severe sickness, might see him. The interment was at Cornish cemetery.

Allen Garner has sold the power house, canal and real estate connected with his plant at this village to the Cornish and Kezar Falls Light & Power Company. The company have completed the wiring to Cornish village, where a supper has been given in honor of the lighting of that place by electricity. Mr. Garner retains a large interest in the Light & Power Company, being its president and managing director.

ANDOVER.

Dr. F. E. Leslie has extended his trip to Boston.

John French was home from Rangeley to spend Sunday.

Mrs. M. Thurston of Newry is visiting Mrs. Pearl Small.

Our village schools will close, Friday, Feb. 14. There will be a long vacation.

The hay pressers have been at Henry V. Poor's barn, pressing hay which they will sell.

Lillian and Helen Thomas gave a party to their school friends, Thursday evening, Feb. 5.

Mrs. F. P. Thomas gave a Valentine whist party, Saturday evening, Feb. 7. Prizes were given.

There will be a teachers' examination, Saturday, Feb. 14, at Cornish Falls. Watch our teachers plan to attend.

Mrs. John French and daughter Mary arrived home from Massachusetts, last week, where they have been since Xmas week.

The Knights of Pythias will give their annual ball, Feb. 20. Dixfield orchestra of 6 pieces will furnish music. The Ellis Assembly of Sisterhood will give the supper.

The Y. P. S. C. E. society gave a baked bean supper at Union Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 4. A very good attendance in spite of the storm which lasted until noon.

Lone Mountain Grange, No. 131, P. of H., will hold their next meeting Feb. 21. Program:

Song.....Nina Hall

Town affairs discussed from all sides. Opened by G. W. Abbott.

Question—is it advisable for the town of Andover to buy a poor farm?

Reading.....S. F. Abbott, C. M. Newton

Wednesday, Feb. 4, was appointed visitors' day for the schools, but on account of the snow storm few attended.

We spent a part of the day in the high school and were much pleased with the appearance of the school. The pupils seemed thoroughly interested in their studies, were very ready in their recitations, seemed not only to know a principle but able to demonstrate it. We were particularly interested in geometry, algebra and Latin recitations. The pupils surely did themselves much credit as well as their teacher, whom we believe has labored most faithfully and devotedly to the interests of the school. We wish the parents would visit the schools and see for themselves what their children are doing.

EAST FRYEBURG.

Scott Douglass went to North Lovell last week to visit his sister, Mrs. Charles Wilson.

And still the snowstorms are coming 6 or 8 inches at a time, hope there will not be many more.

B. G. Seavey and wife visited their children at West Fryeburg and the village last week and were gone three days.

Charles Kelley of Duluth, Minn., was at Lake Kezar fishing two days last week, boarding at Anna McInnis's and caught a few small pickers.

Will Brown still remains in about the same condition.

Herbert Pendexter has been at home for two weeks sick with the grip.

Eliza Douglass is assisting Mrs. Enoch Pike with her house work and the care of her sick mother.

Mrs. Leon March is now gaining as fast as can be expected. Mrs. Ed Warren is caring for her.

H. E. Roy has closed his business here and returned to Lynn. Uncle Dean is again behind the counter.

Fred Keniston was obliged to leave his lumbering at Lovell and come home for a few days on account of illness.

Lee Harnden attended the last night of dancing school at Hiram and spent Saturday and Sunday with her friends there.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Harnden and Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Harnden attended the drama, "The Home Guard" at Fryeburg Feb. 2d.

A cow belonging to Elmer Harnden dropped a heifer calf last Saturday which weighed 140 pounds. The cow is half Jersey and half Ayrshire and the sire is his regt. Shorthorn bull (Royal).

At the twelfth annual meeting of the Maine State Bar Association at Augusta, Wednesday, George D. Bisbee of Rumford Falls was elected vice president, A. S. Kimball of Norway on the executive committee.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

Mrs. G. W. Davis has a new piano.

A. M. Andrews was in Oxford, last Saturday.

Mrs. George Davis is quite sick and is under the doctor's care.

Will Andrews has been confined to the house for the past week with a bad cold.

G. L. Cushman and wife were the guests of F. E. Davis and wife recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Stevens and daughter Bertha visited at Elmer Davis', last week.

F. L. Barrett has bought most of the apples in this place and as a crew packing at F. L. Wyman's, this week.

Charlie Davis, who has been staying at J. H. Davis' and attending school, this winter, has returned to Boston.

GRAFTON.

Mrs. O. W. Brooks has a remnant lot of prints, lawns and muslins from a Boston firm that she sells remarkably cheap.

The severest storm of the season came Sunday afternoon and Monday. The mail that was due Monday night did not arrive till Tuesday noon.

E. B. Farrar, who is hauling hay to the B. & M. Co.'s camp, had one of his horses taken suddenly sick, and he was obliged to leave it at the camp.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Sparra gave an entertainment last Saturday evening to their friends. Both middle-aged and young attended and voted a pleasant time.

EAST BUCKFIELD.

Daniel Tuttle is very sick.

School at East Buckfield closed Feb. 6th.

Lots of cord wood and pulp wood is being hauled to market.

Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Herbert Irish's mother, is having a sick spell.

Addie Shaw is still at work at the village for Mrs. Horace March.

Charles Perkins is stopping this winter with Bradbury Damon.

Tomas Record was obliged to leave his job of can making at Paris on account of sores on his hands caused by the acid used in the work.

THE BEST INDUSTRIES.

Those Employing Men Most Effective as Town Builders.

The Pottsville (Pa.) board of trade, which has been bustling around to get new industries for the town, has a proposition before it for a new silk mill. It also discovers that a silk mill already in operation cannot get enough hands.

Silk mills have been a favorite sort of industry in the towns in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, says the Philadelphia Press. They have spread largely from New Jersey, and shirt factories, knitting mills and similar light manufacturing establishments have been encouraged along with them. Women and girls constitute the greater proportion of the employees in these mills and factories, doing practically all the work required. As in Pottsville, it is often found difficult to get all the help required, and it has been discovered that these particular industries, while very excellent features in any community, are not very effective as town builders.

They do not bring new families to settle in the town because they do not afford employment for the head of the family. An industry that requires the labor of men and can give employment to men is certain to bring new families into the community, adding to the population and promoting business. The town gets a substantial growth in that way which is impossible to derive from the establishment of light industries. These may serve the excellent purpose of furnishing employment for all the girls and women of the vicinity who want employment, but they do not bring more. Neither girls nor women who seek employment in mills usually go away from home for it.

It is for this reason that some of the towns of the interior that have expended a great deal of energy in promoting various industries do not appear to grow in the proportion they should. The kind of industries they have secured, while excellent and giving employment to many residents of the town, does not bring additional population from elsewhere. One establishment that would require the services of a few hundred men would be worth a dozen such as a town builder. This has been well enough understood in some places for a long time. It is being learned in others by a little experience.

AMERICA'S WATER FRONTS.

Little Attention Paid to Them in This Country.

A French architect who recently made a tour of this country, while delighted with the many beautiful towns and cities he inspected, was astonished that Americans paid so little attention to beautifying their river fronts. It is a lamentable fact that many of our most admirable streams do not in any way contribute to the beauty of the country. They are merely an instrument of commerce, invaded by docks, warehouses and depots and disfigured by villainous buildings, the walls of which come down to the very edge of the water.

In Paris, on the contrary, the utmost has been made of the river Seine, says the Architectural Record. The river traffic is considerable, yet the construction of docks and warehouses alongside the water has not been allowed. Throughout the length of the Seine within the city limits there is a broad quay on either bank. In many parts there is a double quay, the lower one serving for the loading and unloading of merchandise and the upper one for street traffic. Along each bank of the Seine run two rows of trees. What the municipal authorities wanted was a tree lined river from one end of the capital to the other.

The designs for all the bridges have also been decided upon by them, and the railroad companies before carrying their lines across the river have had to submit their plans to the city engineers. This is why the Avenue viaduct, viewed

from a distance, recalls to mind the aqueducts of the Roman Campagna. In the same manner the city authorities have the last word in regard to the bridges which the Metropolitan Railroad company is going to throw across the Seine.

In Paris no influences in favor of private interests can intervene to mar what belongs to everybody—the beauty of the city.

Good Roads Attract Home Seekers.

The excellent road system of Nassau county, N. Y., is credited by a leading citizen and real estate dealer of that county with having done more toward attracting home seekers than any other inducement, not excepting the efforts of the Long Island Railroad company to provide the best train service. The majority of persons who inquire for building sites speak of the good roads and the pleasure they had in driving over them.

Value of Drinking Fountains.

Every town and village in America owes it to humanity to set up at least one drinking fountain where horses and dogs can slake their thirst. But few towns are so situated that this cannot be conveniently arranged for, and it will be found to pay, even as an investment. A farmer will drive a mile farther to reach such a place, and there is seldom a mad dog scare where water is plentiful.

Why Some Towns Do Not Grow.

An insurance company has found that many towns and villages in a southern state are paying double rates for insurance because they are without adequate equipment for fighting fire. The extra cost in almost every instance would purchase the needed outfit and far more. It is no wonder that some towns stand still and its merchants fall asleep on their counters.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

CATS AND DOGS.

Why They Are Not as Good Friends Now as They Used to Be.

When I was a little boy, I remember sitting on my grandfather's knee and hearing him tell the story of why cats and dogs are generally such enemies. My grandfather said that long, long ago, before he was a little boy, cats and dogs were very good friends, and most likely they would be so now had not the event happened that I am going to tell you about.

Once upon a time there was a certain Mr. Fuss, who, with his wife, lived in a comfortable old stable. Mr. Fuss—Thomas was his first name—had to leave home on important business. He was absent for three weeks, and while

he was away Mrs. Fuss became very sick. She sent for Dr. Fido, who was as popular with the cats as he was with his brother dogs. Dr. Fido called to see his patient three times. Each time, after carefully putting his spectacles straight, he felt her pulse, looked at her tongue and said, "Go on with the catnip tea." Mrs. Fuss knew that catnip was a good thing, as her grandmother used to give it to her when she was quite a baby. So she took it regularly and was soon able to get around again, and by the time Mr. Thomas returned she was quite well. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Fuss had always looked upon their neighbor (Dr. Fido) as one of their greatest friends and continued to do so until the doctor brought in his bill. Mrs. Fuss thought that, as the doctor had only called on her three times, his bill would certainly not be more than six inches in length, but to her surprise and indignation, the bill they received was twenty-five feet long! Mr. Thomas was very angry and said some naughty things about the doctor and dogs in general and declared that he would never pay the bill. He never did, and this was the starting point of the quarrel which has ever since been kept up—Harry S. Collins in New York Herald.

Natural Soda Water.

What a nice treat it would be to the children in a large city to be able to get natural soda water from the earth without having to pay a cent for it! Such good fortune to them, though, would probably close up many soda fountains of the drugstores and ice cream parlors, but in some parts of the Colorado desert water boils up from springs so highly charged with gas that it is hard to keep corks in bottles filled with it. It seems queer to find in such a desert country real soda water fountains supplied by nature, yet, unfortunately, sirups are not furnished to order with this soda water.

A Girl's Idea of Boys.

Boys are men that have got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by and by. Men were made before women. When God looked at Adam, he said to himself, "Well, I think I can do better if I try again," and then he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men ever since. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half of the boys in the world would be girls and the rest would be dolls.—Young People's Paper.

Thought Grandpa Was Awful Old.

Mr. Bennett is a bright and well preserved old gentleman, but to his little granddaughter, Mabel, he seemed very old indeed.

She had been sitting on his knee and looking at him seriously for some moments one day when she said, "Grandpa, were you in the ark?"

"Why, no, dear!" gasped her astonished grandparent.

Mabel's eyes grew large and round with astonishment. "Then why weren't you drowned?"

A Wonderful Jumper.

A member of the London Zoological society during a visit to the Malay peninsula discovered a curious insect called the lantern fly, which makes great leaps without the aid of its wings. It was some time before he could find out where its leaping power lies, but he at last discovered a queer projection on the front of its head, like a nose, and this it bends back under the abdomen and then suddenly releases it, the effect being, like that of a springboard.

Captain Leonard.

Oh, I will be a sailor bold And sail the stormy sea! I'll be an admiral, I think; I'm sure it would suit me.

Perhaps I'll be a pirate, too, And hoist a flag so black, Or 'praps I'll stand and hold the wheel And "bring her round" or "tack."

Of course I'll find some hidden gold In some far desert isle; I'll often "scud before the breeze" In quite the proper style.

Then, when I've made a fortune great, I shall, of course, retire And "spin long yarns" about my deeds Beside a roaring fire.

Perhaps you'd like to know just why I'm going to do all this.

It's 'cause I've got a model boat From my dear Uncle Chris.

And if I've such a splendid ship, Why, then, it seems to me That I must be a sailor bold When I'm a man, you see.

THE GIRL WHO IS LOVED.

Affection Is Necessary to Give Her Cheerful Disposition.

A woman cannot be said to be truly attractive or popular unless she is loved and admired by the members of her own sex as well as the opposite. She must be welcomed by all, old and young, male and female, or she cannot be called an attractive woman without reservation.

She must be herself, her best self, at all times and with all people. She must think and act for herself and express her own opinions, rather than try to copy some person she may admire or who is admired by the lords of creation. Individuality, when combined with polite manner and tact, is always attractive. A woman's happy, infectious laugh is better than medicine or advice, and her cheery presence is as welcome as the sunshine.

A girl to be truly popular never says mean things about other girls, thinking that the men will like her better, and she doesn't try to monopolize the attentions of all the men at once, but is willing to let other girls have their share of admiration and attention along with her. She doesn't moan and fret within herself if there are no men about to admire her, but she cheerfully sets about making the best of matters without them and making such companions as she has happier and brighter for her presence.

If she has a grievance, she keeps it to herself, for a woman with a grievance is very soon voted a bore. The weeping, fainting, sad eyed young woman is very much out of style now-a-days, not only in novels, but in real life, and the healthy, happy, independent, cheerful and sunny girl has totally eclipsed her in popularity.—American Queen.

New Tools For the Cook.

The salamander iron, here illustrated, is one of the most useful of new acquisitions to the kingdom of the kitchen. It is a flat iron disk fastened to a handle. When thoroughly heated over coals, this iron is lifted and held over pastry, meringues, etc., which have not browned evenly in the oven, but which cannot be returned for fear of over-

baking. This iron is able to obtain for such dishes an evenly browned appearance which adds to their appetizing attractiveness. Another useful thing is the new plate scraper consisting of a rubber piece several inches long attached to a white wood handle, so that it may be brushed over the most delicate china dishes without injuring them, removing from their surfaces every particle of grease and food.—Good Housekeeping.

How to Take Care of a Watch.

Always wind up a watch as nearly as possible at the same time every day, and do it as smoothly as possible to avoid sudden jerks. Most watches are now made of steel, but if a key has to be used it should be kept perfectly clean and free from grit or faw, say by drifed. We are sorry to lose our old collector, Freeman Hagood, who for nine or ten years has served in that capacity so well and faithfully that he will be regretted by all on his route.

EAST HIRAN.

Many are reported sick with the grip. Will York is very sick with pneumonia.

Mrs. Sarah Bean is visiting friends in Portland.

Mrs. E. C. Burnell is with her daughter, Mrs. Amis Sanborn, who with her husband is sick.

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How to Clean Lace Collarettes.

To clean lace collarettes, whether coarse or fine, lay the collar on a large sheet of white paper on the table. Sprinkle thickly with dry flour. Rub this well in with the fingers. Leave it on for fifteen minutes, then shake well and brush off with a soft brush.



Of Course, I'm Glad, Why Not?

I know that when I sell a Separator my customer gets big money's worth. I know he gets the best Separator made, because I sell the famous

Sharples Tubular Separator

Turns easier, skims cleaner, lasts longer, is more convenient, takes up less room and is more easily cleaned than any other Separator.

WILSON WEBB, No. Fryeburg, Me.

EAST HEBRON.

All Should be Satisfied.

The past week has furnished for us rain, hail, snow and thunder, and lightning, as well as sunshine and moonlight. We cannot ask for more changes, unless we ask for more warm days.

Cyrus Ramsdell's health is still very poor. He does not gain as was hoped at first.

The weather has not been very favorable for a full house at the special meetings so far.

The roads were almost impassable for a few days, they were so badly drifted in the last storm.

Merle Sturtevant was quite sick with a cold and did not have a school on Thursday and Friday.

Mr. Sturtevant returned to his school, last Monday. His health is improved somewhat by remaining indoors a short time.

H. A. Record went to and from his work on the railroad on snowshoes until Wednesday. He went in the center of the road.

Best Davy and Harry Wood, who have been of late hauling logs to the mill, have returned home with loads of boards and shingles for improvements on their buildings.

LOCKE'S MILLS.

Quite a number of the people here are putting in their year's supply of ice.

Mrs. Ann Libby had an ill turn, Monday and Tuesday, but is better now.

It has been decided that Mark Lap-ham's little boy has the whooping cough.

Mrs. J. A. Fairbanks' mother, Mrs. Buck, is quite ill. She is 92 years old.

A. J. Ayer came home last Saturday but goes back to Lewiston, next Saturday.

Mrs. A. L. F. Pike of Norway visited her grandmother, Mrs. A. P. Libby, Wednesday.

The friends of Mrs. Sylvia A. Hussey are glad to hear that she has been granted a pension, \$8 per month.

Mrs. John Bean, who was taken to the Central Maine General hospital, Tuesday, the 3d, returned home Wednesday afternoon of this week.

Edith Emery and Henry Douglass came down on the express from Bethel, Saturday p. m., and brought their snow shoes, went up on Howe Hill and took tea with Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Emery, then started out on their snow shoes for the station and took the evening train back to Bethel.

HARBOR.

Clara Blake visited friends at the village, recently.

Fred Farrington is hauling birch to Fryeburg village.

J. H. Johnson and wife visited at Elmer Brackett's, recently.

Erving and Alfreda Stanley visited at C. E. Stanley's, last week.

Frank Mason and wife of North Conway were here, last week, Monday.

Leslie McKee went to Conway over Sunday, last week, to visit a schoolmate.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Smart are entertaining their little grandson from Lewiston.

Mrs. Olive Eastman and Mrs. J. Howe and daughter visited at Will Howe's, recently.

Owen Eastman and wife of Lovell Center visited at C. W. Waterhouse's, recently.

"The Sunbonnets," presented by the ladies' circle, last week, was a success, and a good sum realized, leaving the debt not over \$12 in the church.

SOUTH ALBANY.

E. E. French bought a cow of P. P. Dresser.

Mary Dresser of South Waterford is visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Dresser.

W. I. Beckler, our tax collector, was out last week gathering up the orders for work on highways, breaking roads, etc.

Annie York is reported as being convalescent. She has had a very hard time of it and we are glad to hear of her improvement.

Friday, there were ten oxen and five men out breaking roads. It looked like old times when there were more oxen kept by the farmers than there have been for some years past.

We understand that Mrs. Linnie Allen has bought the store occupied at the present time by P. W. Saunders at North Waterford and will soon take possession and carry a stock of dry goods, etc.

The first thunder shower of the season visited us Wednesday, Feb. 4, just about two weeks earlier than the one we had last year, which did so much damage in several places. We have not learned that this one caused any damage anywhere near here.

Our new cream collector, Wallace Cummings, was on time last Friday, notwithstanding the bad condition of the roads, which on the crossroad over the hills between here and his home are badly drifted. We are sorry to lose our old collector, Freeman Hagood, who for nine or ten years has served in that capacity so well and faithfully that he will be regretted by all on his route.

EAST HIRAN.

Many are reported sick with the grip. Will York is very sick with pneumonia.

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THE NORWAY ADVERTISER

Single Copies of the Advertiser Can be found each week on sale at the following places, at 4 cents each:

Norway... F. P. Stone's and Noyes Drug Store
So. Paris... E. F. Parlin's & A. F. Shurtleff
Bethel... G. R. Wiley's
Fryeburg... A. F. Lewis
West Paris... S. T. White's
Harrison... Chas. L. Jackson's

Orders for single copies at 4 cents each sent direct to the office of publication, will be promptly filled. ADVERTISER, Norway, Me.

NORWAY AND VICINITY

The People's Lecture Course.
This Friday evening will occur the last entertainment in the people's course. Theatrical Dramatic Company, with the following personnel:—Pauline Dunstan, Edith Parsons, Mary Norton and Hugo Keisling. Program:

Picked-Up Dinner (Hanson):
Mrs. Thompson, a rich merchant.
Mrs. John Thompson, his wife.
Mrs. Pauline Dunstan
Nora, a servant.
Young Mr. Pritchard (Clifford):
Miss Betty, with family feelings.
Miss Hetty, with family feelings.
Edith, the niece.
Hugo Keisling
Olga (Tracy):
Valma, a French spy.
Pantomime—A Lodging House Episode (Original):
Landlady.
Roomer.
The Reclamation (Paraphrase):
Harold Skinner, a Wall street broker.
William Hungerford, a country lawyer.
Elmore, the wife.
Mrs. Webb, a client.
Taking the Census (Buxton):
Mr. B., a census taker.
Mimery—The Proposal (Arranged):
Robert.
Elizabeth, his sister.
Crispy, his little sister.
Madge, his sweetheart.
Editha Parsons

That Mid-Winter Vacation.

Here is what we got from our old friend, Prof. E. E. Clement, superintendent of the Elizabeth, N. J., schools, when he read our vacation story:—
"Now my dear boy don't go through my good old town of Elizabeth again without stopping off a day or so with me. After the rush, crush and scramble of New York and 'Philly,' you will find Elizabeth like Heaven after Purgatory. You must have been within 400 yards of my house, and yet you passed me by.
"I shall nourish the hope that some day you will show up in my ranch here. We'll kill the fatted calf when you do, and I'll do my best to match your fish stories."
Yes, Dick, we are coming and will bring the children too, even if we have to borrow some. As for fish stories we have a supply.

An Alarm of Fire.

An alarm of fire Friday evening called out the fire department. The cold and wind made it a bad night for a fire and everybody was anxious. It proved to be the burning out of a chimney at Jonathan Whitehouse's on lower Main street. The house was damaged some by smoke. An alarm from box 35 was sounded and the department turned out. The fire was put out without requiring a hose stream and the damage was smoke especially to the upper story occupied by Philip Bradbury's family.

There was great difficulty in locating the fire because of the erratic ringing of the alarm. This was due to the one who pulled the box, trying to do too much. When sounding an alarm pull the hook down once and only once and let go, then let it alone. The mechanism of the box will do the rest. The loss will be entirely covered by insurance.

LOVELL CENTRE.

Aunt Jerusha.
After being postponed nearly all winter, on account of the weather and other reasons, "Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party" was given at Town Hall, Jan. 27. Characters:

Aunt Jerusha... Mrs. Sarah Charles
Hephzibah Spooner... Mrs. L. E. Eastman
Hannah Pike, old maid... Mrs. Lottie Eastman
Johnna Hines, widow... Mrs. Ella Palmer
Rachel Grey, Quakeress... Mrs. Anna Andrews
Patience Peabody, old maid... Mrs. Fannie Andrews
Mrs. Simon Spooner... Mrs. Mary Stanford
Drusilla Thompson, lecturer... Mrs. Anna Kendall
Charley Cooper, old maid... Mrs. Elma Kendall
Mrs. Deacon Simpkins... Mrs. Eliza Farrahman
Mrs. Aaron Fride... Mrs. Anna Cushman
Phebe Miranda Priede... Emily Colt
John Dowd... Caleb Cushman
Squire Fride... J. E. Farrahman
Frederick Lowell... Owen Eastman
Jonathan Spooner... Will Stanford

J. D. Hatch and wife visited their son in South Paris last week.
Benj. Russell, Jr., went to Bridgton on business Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. John Kendall's sister Edna from Fryeburg spent a week with her lately.
Lucy Elliott is spending a few days with Mrs. Benj. Gray, who is in very poor health.

School closed here last Friday after a very successful term taught by Mrs. Blanche Russell.

Truman Stearns and Frank Cushman were at home over Sunday from North Bridgton, where they are attending school.

Mrs. Mary Kendall has returned after a six weeks' absence. She visited her sons Charles and Bert at Rochester, N. H., while away.

Mrs. Nelo Andrews stuck a needle in her hand last week and she fears that part of it is still there as it is painful at times. She went to see a doctor Friday.

The first meeting was held in the vestry of the Christian church Saturday, Jan. 31. It is a very pleasant place of worship. The circle will be entertained there next Tuesday by Mrs. Will Stanford and Mrs. Geo. H. Eastman.

The Congregational circle met at the home of J. C. Stearns Wednesday. Although it was stormy there was a good company present and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Old war songs were sung with the spirit of former days. Mrs. E. S. Hatch at the organ.

Worth Knowing.

Take care of your rubbers, wash them when you come in from the barn, if necessary.

Eat onions to prevent sickness.

If your horse bites the crib put poplar wood in the crib with the bark on. Give a spoonful of ashes in scalded grain (bran is best) once a week.

Give chopped onions to hens to make them lay. Put ashes where they can get at them daily.

Keep your feet warm, your head cool and mind your own business.

James S. Davis of Hebron Station has a pension of \$12.

Norway's Former Boys.

A Few Reminiscences by Rev. Wm. C. Stiles, the well-known Author and Preacher.
DEAR MR. SANBORN:—The receipt of a copy of the ADVERTISER, and the reading of your account of your "trip" to these parts has stirred up an unusual ferment of reminiscences. In the thirty years since years since I left Norway an entirely new generation has emerged into view to take the place of that which is scattered and vanished. In the entire range of advertising that fills the plethoric columns of your enterprising paper there appears but one familiar name.

My first glimpse of the ADVERTISER was on a far away day when I climbed an outside flight of stairs of the building that was later reconstructed to make the store of Frost & Whitcomb, and that bordered that mysterious cavity in space known as "Hungry Hollow." I remember I had picked up some broken type, leads and slugs which I thought must have been lost, and carefully carried them up to the printer. My remembrance is that he took them with appreciation.

George W. Millett, a fiery Democrat of the war time, was the editor. It was Millett who inspired me to try conclusions with "Fad" Gammon, "Fad" being the short for Fairfield. Fad was a tremendous bluff in those days. One of his favorite threats that struck terror to my heart was, "I'll tear ye into shreds." Being a little smaller, and considerably a small coward, I retreated and hedged for a long season before his hectoring and doubled-up fists. In front of the ADVERTISER office one day, I was backing into the gutter to get out of the danger of being made in o "shoestrings," when Millett came along and assured me that I could "lick" Fad if I were not afraid of him. This idea grew on me, and the next time Fad (who lived on the "island," where the Crockett Ridge road crosses the lake) came to the village, I actually did it. For years afterward I wondered how it could have been so easy. I took care to get up on a higher place and then "sailed in." It was the end of the "shoestring" danger.

I have renewed here the acquaintance of an old Norway chum, W. B. Gunnison, who, as your readers know, is principal of Erasmus high school and one of Brooklyn's well-known citizens. Having entirely forgotten my visage after a separation of thirty years, Walter at once remembered my voice. My momentary remembrance of Walter is in connection with "Cole" Watson's dog. He was spotted white and black and would have been a very decent animal if he had been left to a peaceful lot. I, in particular, was responsible for his more serious moods. I lived opposite, above the corner store then occupied by Henry Young as a tailoring establishment. It was a dog and retreat behind the outer door of the stairway in season to escape his teeth, which often were but a few inches behind me.

One day we were playing "sheep clear the pen," when the dog coming by, represented the flourish of sticks and cracked one of the boys, throwing him down. It was a time for prompt treatment. Walter and I were nearest, and before he could do fatal harm, we nearly broke the angry beast's back with our broomsticks. I shall never recall the fierce excitement of that aggressive moment without some recollection of the triumphant thrill of victory. The dog afterwards lacerated "Cole's" hand badly and was promptly killed. There are many Norway boys of that day who will remember him.

One of my playmates of that day was Alton O'Brien. He had at my mother's house a kind of second home. One zero night a party of men came to our door, carrying Alton in blankets or overcoats. He had skated into an airhole in the lake and struggled a long time before they found and rescued him. He had strength enough to forbid them to carry him home to his mother, who did not know until the next day that anything had happened.

I learned from Mr. Noyes that my favorite woodland haunts, the Ordway Grove and "Buck's dam," remain largely unchanged. I wonder if my summer partridge still lives there. Almost every summer I started a young brood in the ferns. More than once I was led by a cunning mother partridge, who would limp and flutter along the ground, almost permitting me to catch her, until her brood was safe. It was always a mystery to me how she could then get out of sight and danger so quickly.

Those old days are gone forever. New generations of children play in your streets, strange signs adorn your stores and shops. The village elms are largely gone, and most of the houses, in the great fire. We grow old. But it is my hope to have the pleasure and pain of revisiting the old places once more before the time comes to be translated.

Yours in editorial fellowship,

Wm. C. STILES.

Clinton Hall, New York, 13 Astor Place.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY 50c

The Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Familiar Songs.

"Annie Laurie" an Old Favorite—Once Popular in Soldier's Camps.

There is some doubt as to who wrote the original "lines" of "Annie Laurie." One authority has it that William Douglas, of Finland, Scotland, wrote them in honor of his sweetheart. Annie, the beauty among four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet of Maxwell. The church register gives Annie's birthday as December 15, 1658. Douglas was kind in war, and Annie married Alexander Ferguson, the hero of Burns' song, "The Whistle." The present air of "Annie Laurie" was composed by Lady John Scott (Alicia Anne Spotteswoode), authoress of both words and music of many songs. In the original there were only two verses, and were according to Lady Scott, by Allan Cunningham. Lady Scott added the third verse and materially changed the others. As sung to today, it is as follows:

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er I forget will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.
"Her brow is like a snowdrift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.
"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

Annie Laurie has come to mean the universal soldier's sweetheart. It was

sung by British soldiers in wars on every continent. Words and music combine to make it popular. In the Crimean war the night before the British troops stormed the Redan, at Sebastopol, a corporal of the Second battalion rifle brigade commenced to sing "Annie Laurie." He had a good tenor voice, and sang with expression, but the boys took up the song in a much lower key, and hundreds of voices sang together:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

The effect was magical and extraordinary. The camp was forgotten, as the melody swept on and subsided in the midst of the Russian cannon, the heart of each singer was evidently far away over the sea, for on the eve of a great battle a soldier thinks only of his love and his God. The song was scarcely ended when the bugle sounded to quarters, and the brigade dispersed—never to meet again. But the next Sunday down the stiger of the song and hundreds of those who joined in the chorus were lying dead in the ditch of the Redan, having "lain down and died" at command of a sterner mistress than any of womankind.

Immortality was conferred on the memory of it by incident which inspired the American poet, Bayard Taylor, to write the beautiful poem here subjoined:

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
While the inner ones of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombardment.
The dead Redan, in silent scorn,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of Malakot
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said
"We sang the first song over;
Sing while ye may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."
There lay the battery's side
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and loss of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But each sang "Annie Laurie."
Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
"Her battle eye confession."

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.
Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the steeple valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Burst on the Russian's quarters,
With a storm of shot and burst of shell,
And bellying of mortars.
And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
With a tear of sorrow,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep soldiers! Still in memory rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

How Are Your Nerves?

Dr. Hobbs' Spermia Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

Rudolph.

Continued from page 7.

That night as the household sat around the fireplace, all having with me, I think, a little special realization of life's "human richness like the rose" in contrast to a "cool abyssal, blank, alien eternity," I said to my cousin, the head of our family, that now he could hardly refuse to listen to my prayer that something be done for Rudolph; that he be given some opportunity.

"I certainly cannot, my child," he replied. "What do you want done?"

"We had better talk to him about it," I said. "He is the wisest person for that question, by all odds. I think, if he chooses quite freely, it will be to go to some decent school for a year. Then he will know better how to decide for the next year."

"Yes, yes," said my kinsman thoughtfully, looking at Jim, curled up asleep on the floor like a little dog; "I think you are right; that he will absorb knowledge through the pores of his skin. He is a remarkable boy, undoubtedly a very remarkable boy. Make yourself easy, my little girl. We can't neglect him now." And he patted my head as he rose from his chair.

The next day came the end, the stupid, meaningless, miserable end. I can't dwell upon it.

Rudolph was coming through one of the little peninsulas of woodland that here and there invaded the straggling village. He caught his foot in a vine, staggered against a tree, appeared to regain his foothold and then sank down. Some boys at a distance saw this, but what was it to call for special attention? They went on.

It seems to have been more than half an hour later that a man, coming along the path, found the child, dead. He lay under the soft, drifting, bright leaves in a pool of blood. He had cut his wrist with a big, sharp knife, his pride, which he had open in his hand when he stumbled. An artery was severed. He had bled to death.

By such fantastic fooling did chance take the life that the day before had been gallantly risked for mine, and so were stilled the heart and brain to whose power I owe all these happy years.

For a decade has passed since, alone in the sweet, checked autumn sunshine, the rarest child, the most hope stirring human being I ever knew, lay dying. Would that these pages might give some shadowy glimpse of that noble and splendid little figure and defy ever so faintly and ineffectually the hideous, recklessness of the fate that there quenched such a life! He was buried in the small, unkempt graveyard on the hill. I have not seen the spot since that winter. Perhaps half a dozen people in the world within as many years' time remembered that he once lived. Beyond these his memory is faded from the earth as though he had never been.

How to Clean Chasteline.

A weak point in the much worn steel embroidered chasteline bags is that, once tarnished by dampness or salt air, their brightness cannot be restored. A suggestion for the improvement of tarnished steel work is to use burned alum. Burn some alum and pound it fine and sift through coarse muslin; apply dry with a soft brush. Powdered burned alum can be bought at a drugstore. Emery powder well rubbed on will often remove small spots of tarnish on steel. Either application needs thoroughness in using.



Dairy Cattle

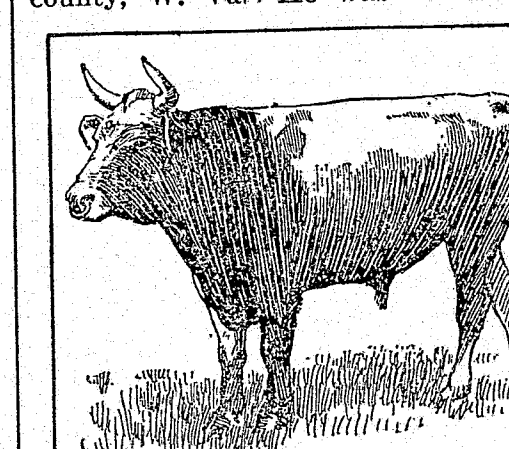
A Vermont subscriber asks the opinion of the editors of Hoard's Dairyman as to whether dehorning the bull injures his progeny. His own opinion is that it does, but many of his neighbors do not agree with him.

It is perhaps sufficient for the editors to say that they do not dehorn the bulls on their farms. They omit to do so perhaps out of superabundant caution. If dehorning accomplishes what its advocates claim for it, modifying to a greater or less extent the aggressive nature of the animal; if it lessens his confidence in his own masterfulness, if it breaks his spirit, we would say it follows almost of necessity that it will to a greater or less degree diminish his progeny.

We also have very considerable doubt whether the removing of horns minimizes in any considerable degree the danger incident to handling the animal, more especially if it tends to beget a greater degree of carelessness on the part of the herdsman. The only safe way to manage bulls is to never give them an opportunity to show their power and strength.

A Fine Jersey Bull.

This splendid Jersey bull is owned by P. A. Pugh & Son of Hancock county, W. Va. He was shown this



HEAD OF THE HERD.

season at three state fairs and two tri state fairs and two county fairs. He received first premium six times and second once. He was shown seven times at the head of the exhibitor's herd and won six straight firsts. His sire was Heart's King and his dam Tormentor Stoke Pogs. This animal, while registered as King Downey 30834, is better known as Pugh's King. He is a splendid animal and appeared to advantage in the ring.—American Agriculturist.

Investing in Dairy Cattle.

At a recent sale of Jerseys in Ohio forty-five head, including six bull calves from six to ten months old, sold at an average of \$45. As these calves averaged \$40, the average of the thirty-six females was a little below \$46. But as some old cows were included in this it might be fairer to look at it in another way. The eleven top females sold brought only \$50 to \$75 and averaged \$65. One was taken by the Ohio State university at the top figure. We do not mention this sale to cast any reflections on the Jersey breed, but to call the attention of those who need dairy cattle to an important fact—namely, that now is a good time to break into the business. The sale recorded above is not exceptional. Plenty of Jerseys are selling at public sale around \$40 to \$60 for yearling and two-year-old heifers and cows, well bred or good producers. These are but little above stockyard prices for good dairy cows, and such figures must drive some breeders out of business. The time is coming when good dairy cattle will be wanted and at better prices than they now command. They will pay their way in the hands of a dairyman until that time—and nobody else has any business to own them. Why is it not a good time to invest when it can be done at so little extra expense?—National Stockman.

Declining Dairy Exports.

Official figures show quite a decline in our exports of dairy products. It may at first seem deplorable that a great export trade in these products cannot be maintained, but closer study will leave small reason for regret. A big export trade in butter and cheese is based on low prices and cannot exist otherwise. When prices here are good, they are too high for foreigners, and they cease to buy largely. All efforts to stimulate the export trade have been futile in the face of this fundamental fact and always will be. Inferior products have done much to injure our trade in dairy products abroad, but that is the only quality that could be secured cheap enough to suit the foreigner. Fraudulent products are no longer a drawback, and if our export trade does not increase it is for the good reason of dollars and cents in favor of the home market.—National Stockman.

Oleo Men Cornered.

The oleomargarine people seem to be between the devil and the deep blue sea. They have been doing some mixing of their product with genuine butter for the better class of trade. This is of course expensive to them, but it seems to be the only way they can avoid the law regarding coloring matter—to get it from butter. But even right here the question comes in for the revenue officers to consider—and they are considering it—whether this is not an evasion of the spirit if not the letter of the law. If such trade should grow into any proportions, it is claimed that the revenue people will decide that oleo mixed with butter, while it may not be adulterated or colored oleo, is adulterated butter. And here you are. They catch them going and coming.—Tennessee Farmer.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health?

Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Root Bitters does it.

We Deserve Your Confidence

in matters pertaining to drugs and medicine, because we have made it a point to buy only the best. We do not believe in substitution. Rest assured any prescription that is filled by us is prepared from the freshest and purest drugs it is possible to buy.

REX POROUS PLASTER

King of All Plasters

Put it on your back; put it on your chest; put it anywhere you have an ache or a pain, and you will be surprised at the result.

F. P. STONE, Druggist, 143 Main St., NORWAY, MAINE.

ORANGES

ORANGES

Florida, Jamaica, California Navels, Florida Tangerines, and Grape Fruit, Ripe Bananas, Crisp Malaga Grapes, New Figs and Dates.

For Nuts we have Soft Shelled, California Walnuts, Filberts, Peacans and Castavas, Also largest assortment of Christmas Candies we have had.

CIGARS and TOBACCO.

Call in and see us when doing your Christmas trading.

LEVERONI & CO.

Opera House Block, NORWAY, MAINE.

JUST OPENED ::::

ST. A FULL LINE OF THE LATEST STYLES IN

SUMMER CINCHAMS

ALL COLORS AND SHADES

Also Remember

All our Wool Outside Garments are selling at

ONE-HALF PRICE

And we are offering Wool Underflannels at

CREATLY REDUCED PRICES - -

S. B. & Z. S. PRINCE

Main Street - - - - - Norway, Maine.

HILLS, The Jeweler and Graduate Optician

Opera House Block.

MAN, AND WIFE WANTED

I want a Man and Wife to work on my farm. I'll pay good wages, but they must be honest and industrious. Make application by letter, give references, and address, 6-8 "FARM," Advertiser Office, Norway

Manners on the Road.

No one should object to turning out for a loaded team, if it is necessary, but when there are two teams and one is as good as the other it is the proper thing for the man with the load to keep to the right.

About a dozen miles from here is a strip of sand road with a full width track. Driving over this one morning I met seven teams strung out about ten rods apart and each one on the left hand side of the road. There were many people upon the road, some going one way and some the other. I pulled my horse to one side and watched these outlaws out of sight. The gentleman who was with me counted twenty-seven vehicles of all kinds, and some loaded, whose occupants had to turn out for these drivers. Turning to me he said: "If those fellows had been put on their own side of the road not one of those twenty-seven teams would have been obliged to pull out. The road would not have been so dusty, and for one I should have a better opinion of human nature."

Another incorrect idea: Some people think a buggy or a cutter can turn out more easily than a wagon or a sled. Yet in many cases the weight of the heavier vehicle holds it down. It is not so likely to tip over on a lighter rig. It is stronger and not so easily broken, and a light vehicle has the same rights upon a road as has a lumber wagon. The same rule applies to foot passengers. In deep snows it is our duty to give them a chance at the road, and it is brutal to drive a foot passenger out into the deep snow simply because we have an advantage over him or her. Violent or unmanageable horses should not be driven upon the road, but when we meet a colt or horse that is frightened as something, good manners will cause us to favor the driver, if possible, by keeping as far as we can out of his road. We do not own the highway; it belongs to all alike.

The most strikingly conspicuous calendar for 1903 is from The Austin Engraving Co. of Albany, N. Y., and was received this week. It is distributed free to their customers and others may get it for 25 cents.

More Honorable Mention.

Maud—So Arthur's automobile ran over a tramp? What will they do to poor Arthur?

Ethyle—Oh, nothing. The club doesn't give medals for tramps.—Chicago News.



First-Class Work

Letters of Inquiry Free. See Our Work.

E. E. White

First-Class Work. Letters of Inquiry Free. See Our Work.

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First-Class Work. Letters of Inquiry Free. See Our Work.

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First-Class Work. Letters of Inquiry Free. See Our Work.

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First-Class Work. Letters of Inquiry Free. See Our Work.

LEGISLATIVE

The Committee on Internal Public Hearing, in its room in Augusta, Thursday, Feb. 12, at 10 A. M., to receive suggestions in regard to the proposed legislation in the Senate.

VARNEY A. PUTNAM

EMPLOYMENT

The Veranda Club Employment work for women and those who want to hire provided for by the Bureau workers apply in person to Mrs. MARY C. SPOONER.

MILLINERY

I will sell all my wigs prices below cost to the Spring trade.

Fall Hats as low

ELLEN R. MILLETT

LEGISLATIVE NOTICE.

The Committee on Interior Waters will give a public hearing in its room at the state house in Augusta, Thursday, February 26, 1903, at 3 p. m. on an act to prevent obstruction to navigation in Songo river. By order of the committee.

VARNEY A. PUTNAM, Secretary.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

The Veranda Club Employment Bureau will find work for women and girls who want it. Those who want to hire help will also be provided for by the Bureau. For situations or workers apply in person or by letter to

MRS. MARY C. STEVENS, Norway.

MILLINERY BARGAINS

I will sell all my Winter Millinery at prices below cost to make room for my Spring trade.

Fall Hats as low as 25c.
ELLEN R. MILLETT, No. Waterford.

DR. AUSTIN TENNEY, OCUList

Graduate of the Chicago Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat College.
The Date of His Next Visit to Norway Will be Announced Later.

143 Main St.,

ORANGES

Is, Florida
Bananas,
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RUDOLPH

By VIOLA ROSEBORO

Copyright, 1902, by the Century Co.

There was the door to which I found no key;
There was the veil through which I could not see.

—Omar Khayyam.

WE are taught, I believe, by the best critical authority that the essence of tragedy lies in the conflict of will and fate, or, rather, in the victory of fate over the more or less consciously struggling individual, and that the catastrophe to be truly Greek must in some way result from deeds morally significant. But there is not an appalling tragic element in the action of fate when, as we so often know it, the catastrophe has no relation to responsibilities anywhere; when it is but a blind bolt, falling blindly, stopping, crushing, annihilating, without more moral significance than is in the rain which falls alike on the just and on the unjust? Is it not because this is too appalling, because it frightens us, as children are frightened in the dark, that we cling so closely to those instances of human history in which deed and doom are bound together by brief and simple sequences?

It is a very unimposing little figure that is most deeply associated in my mind with that other and more mysterious tragedy in which the fine and sane and true are overpowered by that blank, meaningless and terrible power we call chance.

One spring day years ago it happened that for a few hours I, myself only a schoolgirl, was given charge of an unfamiliar village school. It was in a mongrel southern mountain town, where some coal mines were lamely contributing to the foundations of that new south which as yet the old south scarcely grudgingly admitted as a possibility. The school was made up of such variety of elements as probably could not have been matched at that time in any schoolroom south of the Ohio river. There were Yankee children from the east and the west, mountain born and southern born children (the mountaineer is southern only in a shallow geographical sense), even children with a brogue and a touch of broad Lancashire dialect, but in this crowd, so heterogeneous for the south, so homogeneous compared to the mixtures the north is forced to venture upon, there was but one child who spoke the English language with a foreign accent.

To me, as I struggled with the opening class, they all seemed conspicuously united by a common dullness. This class was of the older scholars, and they were studying "Peter Parley's Universal History," that absurd yet admirable little book, superseded generations ago everywhere but in forgotten and benighted southern nooks by works paralyzingly full and distressingly accurate. The lesson was about Prussia. That torpor which nature enables all but the liveliest children to take on as a protection against the horrors of the schoolroom pervaded the class. The big girls and boys sat in attitudes of heavy woodenness, answering questions, when they could answer them at all, as if badly constructed, insufficient machinery were for the moment put in motion. I was casting about in my mind as to what would bring them to life when, as I quoted something from the lesson about the king of Prussia (the book dated much farther back than the seventies), I heard the shiest, softest, gentlest young voice say, as if the barriers of repression had perforce given way, "His emperor now."

I turned to see to whom all these lesson words meant facts, thoughts, something else than gibberish, with a sense of unreasonably grateful refreshment. There he was, a broad shouldered, dark eyed little boy, about twelve years old, who was seated when school opened half way back in the long, grimy room, but who was now wriggling with vitality, suppressed interest and an overpowering but abiding sense of misconduct on a seat just behind the recitation benches, drawn there evidently by a force similar in its imperiousness to gravitation itself.

"He's Dutch," remarked a boy in the class in a tone explanatory, but not lowered.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Rudolph, ma'am." It seemed that for purposes of convenience the regular teacher had found "Rudolph" name enough and had pointedly refused to struggle with further Teutonic syllables.

"Well, Rudolph, come out here and tell these big boys and girls about how the king came to be made emperor. Come, sit there."

But Rudolph had found an opportunity for something more dear than humiliating others. His bright dark eyes were fastened upon me as he slipped from the one seat into the other, saying: "The war it was that made so, was not? The emperor is bigger than the king. They want the German—the German one to be big, my father say. Who—how it come done—what Herr Bismarck do?"

The child sat on the edge of the bench, bending toward me as he poured forth his questions, as if the major part of his young life had hitherto been spent in a fruitless search for the facts of the German consolidation. I listened, divided betwixt admiration and terror. Needless to say, I did not find time to satisfy all his exhaustive questioning, but I told him to come and see me after school and we would see what we could do. Before the class was dismissed I found that there was nothing very special in Rudolph's interest in the emperor and Bismarck; that he brought this same insatiable

curiosity, this same large, intelligent comprehension of the existence of uncomprehended causes, to other subjects.

Before noon I was enjoying quite a delightful small excitement about the child. What so thrilling as discovery, and what discovery so thrilling as to find a mind? Rudolph came into two more classes—one in spelling, where he was recklessly and hopelessly rational and consistent, and one struggling with the tedium of long division, where he was slow, patient and sorely afflicted. At noon my little brief authority ended. I left Rudolph plunging about the playground in a game of "base," rather clumsy, something of a butt in the sport and perfectly hearty and good natured.

Before he came to me in the afternoon I had learned something about him. He was known among the men of our household, I found, through his habit of "hanging around" where any talk about the mines was going on, and, oddly enough, because of his notably courteous ways at the postoffice and the "store," places where the miners were given to tacitly asserting their superiority to all other classes. His father and mother were Germans, I was first told; but Jim, a small cousin, said the father was "half Eretalian" and further informed me that Rudolph was "no good," that he couldn't catch a ball.

"But he's very nice and good natured, isn't he?" I inquired, weakly longing to hear only praises of my discovery.

My young man stared. "Yaw," he drawled in uncomprehending derision and disappeared around the corner of the porch on his hands.

I was sitting on the porch when Rudolph came, a little awkward, but withal much more pleased than shy, stopping to wipe his bare feet on the grass and before he was fairly under the roof taking off his shapely rag of a hat, with a bright smile of greeting. I had gathered together some old illustrated papers of the time of the Franco-Prussian war. He fell upon them.

"I before one did see, a long time. I had a picture of another emperor, Max—Maximilian? He that was killed, is it not so? How—how could that come when he was emperor? Was he not the biggest?"

Rudolph soon recognized the necessity of limiting his field of research and began to put me through a most exhaustive examination on Franco-German politics. He did not find me altogether satisfactory. My knowledge was too superficial and too qualified. He caught continually at main lines of causation, which could be followed only by going far afield.

"Why wished the French emperor to fight?" he finally asked, with a touch of sternness, when I had tried to describe the diplomatic pretenses by which the war was precipitated.

"People thought that he was afraid the French nation were getting tired of him, that they might begin to ask again why he should be emperor, and so he wanted to give them something else to think about and to please them by making them victorious."

Rudolph pondered. "You know not surely?"

"No. Of course he would not say things like that, nor would the men who worked for him, even if they believed they knew his thoughts."

"It must be something that way, is it not? You think it would be better he not try and be smart so?" He sat

with his grimy little forefinger on a portrait of Napoleon III, and looked at me as eagerly as if it were the end of a fairy tale he was awaiting.

"Hello, Dutchy!" called Jim from the doorway.

"Hello!" answered Rudolph pleasantly, but with the same air of deeply unconscious patronage with which one would pat a dog while thinking of something else.

"Miss Molycodde, Miss Molycodde!" shouted the other as he tore away and over the fence.

"He goes fish with some time," said Rudolph, as if in explanation and apology for the familiar rudeness of this address.

"He should not speak to you so," I said.

Rudolph grinned. The remarks of young animals like that did not seem to him in any way related to emotional experience.

After he had exhausted both me and himself in historical research I began asking him about his home, and he brightened again and told me that he had a little sister, who was "schon" ("You know schon; that is better than

English word"), and that she was fair, with hair and eyes like a Christmas doll, and that she loved to ride upon his back. Three years old she was.

"I must go," he suddenly broke out, starting up. "She will want to go ride on our spring. I forget." And he smiled, confidentially at me, and then stood twisting his hat, with a sense of need of concealment of which he was ignorant.

"I much thank you. Oh, yes; I come again. I like it much. Guten ahead." And he ducked his black head to me and then to my mother, whom he saw standing, shining with benevolence in an inner doorway. Then he scurried down the long porch, and I heard Jim challenge him for a race.

"Jim will beat him," said my mother indignantly from the window to which she had hurried.

The radiant faced little lad had won our hearts. I was afraid of growing sentimental about him and tried to view him coldly, but in truth it was impossible not to feel enthusiasm for such an example of humanity. He revived one's belief in the possibility of the race. I feel now that I might give my tale a greater vraisemblance by in some way belittling him, the expedient of inadequacy, but obligations stronger than artistic ones are upon me.

I soon made my way to the despoiled hillside, half poor village, half bare woods, where was Rudolph's home. It was a neat little cabin, and I was pleased to find the family all there—the little Teutonic blond sister, the work worn, dust colored, plain mother and the big, dark father, with his touch of Latin vivacity appearing and disappearing beneath his gravity.

Rudolph gazed at me, pleased and proud and possessive, possessive of everybody, and silently brought the little passive sister to my elbow that I might better note her charms.

I sent him off to fill my bottle with water from the sulphur spring so that I could talk better about himself.

"I think Rudolph is a very remarkable boy," I began, "a very, very smart boy." I added in my effort to make myself comprehended.

"Yes," said the father briefly from the doorstep where he stood, "he is great—great here, great here." He touched first his forehead, then his breast.

The mother, who could speak no English, showed by her softening countenance as she looked at us and then after the boy that she understood.

"I come to America for he. I know not that he get much good, but I try." "He'll be great in himself anyhow."

"Yes, that is so," spoken with tranquil solemnity. "Not many is born that way as he, aber—I wish he get ed-u-cation." The word had been well learned.

"He not get much here?" turning a gaze of troubled inquiry upon me. He told me how he was afraid to go to a place with better schools for fear he could not find work. He could do no skilled labor. He longed to get Rudolph a place in the machine shops, but the boy was not clever with his hands. Perhaps he could never rise much above his father unless he got "one ed-u-cation."

I said there was small fear; he'd find his way to a very practical education; he'd know many things before he was grown.

The man's face brightened, and he showed his white teeth as he nodded and said a few words to the mother, who nodded and smiled too.

"He ask, ask always," he said.

The small sister now started down the hill, making her legs fly until she met the returning brother and was lifted on his back, where, when he arrived, she hung, dumb, solemn and round eyed as before.

I arranged that Rudolph should come and see me often and laboriously suppressed my tendency to make vague promises and prophecies as to his future. Who knows what could or could not be counted upon in this disjointed world?

The captivating thing about Rudolph's mind was the curious absence of any touch of precocity. It was as normal as a blackbird's. All its peculiarity seemed to lie in its superior soundness, reasonableness and activity. Things were real to him. Phenomena needed to be accounted for. He was always trying to accomplish the explanation, striking for the roots of things. He had a sleepless desire to find out. His interest in history (it did not, by the way, reach the point of enabling him to derive pabulum from the usual historical classics) was as simple in its way as Jim's in the story of a possum hunt. The difference was that Rudolph had the qualities that enabled him to grasp the verity of the larger games, while poor Jim could only comprehend the existence of things akin to his experience.

I tried, of course, a hundred youthful experiments with this delightful mind and came to the conclusion that it was not an artist's organ; that it was meant for the conduct of large affairs at first hand, not for any plastic or poetic after interpretation of them. Not that he was without appreciation of such interpretations. On the contrary, he was appreciative of more things than any one I ever knew. He was alive to the interest of every form of mental activity presented to him.

He was a choice champion for days in the woods and would lie 'till four hours on the high brinks of loose far, blue gulfs with which the valleys encompass the mountain.

But he was mastered by the thirst for large knowledge of human undertakings. He probably had more actual acquaintance with the mines than had my cousin, the president of the company, and, though arithmetic was a painful thing to him, he would enter into computations as to the operations and by sheer force of reasoning would push his calculations beyond the point of his schoolroom acquirements.

The chestnuts were blown in their caskets when one day, one memorable day, I went nutting with Rudolph and Jim. We had two or three hours of the simplest, purest delight, all turned into

three harmless young animals, with but one idea in the world—chestnuts. There is nothing like some such primitive pursuit to bring the heart close to nature, for getting past the rhapsodical and wordy state and becoming one with her. A hundred deep, starved, hereditary instincts are once more gratified. But nature is an appalling mother.

The place we chiefly haunted was a chestnut grove near the edge of the cliffs, and just here the formation was unusual. The mountain sloped rapidly down toward the valley for a little distance instead of descending from its full height by the usual perpendicular cliff, but this steep slope broke off abruptly above a straight wall of granite, far below which again waved the delicate crests of the great trees. The turf and small woodland growths extended down the slope nearly to the brink, but before it was reached the scanty soil failed, and at last was the living rock of the mountain side, dark, unvarnished by frost or time, now damp and smooth.

In that simplicity of absorption, the pleasure of which I have been vaunting, I followed a rolling nut (such a big one) down close to the danger line—too close. The slight hold of the mosses and grasses on which I stood gave way, my hand uprooted the bush I held, my feet slipped from under me, and I lay face down on that smooth sloping surface without a thing within reach to support a child. I kept myself from slipping only by a certain strain of muscular pressure.

Below was the gulch, whose far depths were filled with the beautiful, visible music of waving branches above me the late yellow sunlight shone brilliantly between the dark trunks of other trees, and beneath them stood two white faced little boys. Rudolph was nearest me, half way down the slope. I saw a whole heartful of history take place within him as I gazed. The first stroke of terror was followed by a heavier, for between the two, in a long second, the child found out he loved me. He had never thought of loving me before. Rather, as love goes not by thinking, he had been deflected by no pulsation of conscious love toward me. I was a pleasant factor in a diversified universe. I was not the father or the mother or the little sister. But suddenly, here and now, as I lay there beneath the fair sky helpless and in mortal danger, Rudolph's heart went out to me. He loved me, and he loved me greatly, with a flashing, backward, heart bursting realization that I had been good to him. These are many words, but three changing expressions, melting swiftly into each other on the child's ashen face, told it all.

Jim did the best he could. It was useless, but it was all his lights and his gifts were equal to. He could run, and he ran, far and fast, starting at once, with only a half choked word and a nod to Rudolph, and taking himself off in good shape, though he was so white.

Rudolph and I were alone, and already my power to cling to the rock was weakening.

I tried to wriggle myself upward. I slipped a very little farther down. Rudolph now nodded reassuringly at me, saying in a queer, low voice, "In one minute," as he ran a short distance to where a lot of poles lay cut for some purpose. He came back dragging one.

I slipped a very little farther down. Rudolph now nodded reassuringly at me, saying in a queer, low voice, "In one minute," as he ran a short distance to where a lot of poles lay cut for some purpose. He came back dragging one.

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NOTICE.
The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix of the last will and testament of
FRANK G. NOBLE, late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, deceased. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.
January 20, 1903. E. M. M. L. NOBLE.

NOTICE.
The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed Administratrix of the last will and testament of
JOHN N. BAKER, late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.
January 20, 1903. MARGARET A. BAKER.

PROBATE NOTICES.
To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:
At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and three. The following matter having been presented for the action thereon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered:
That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the OXFORD COUNTY ADVERTISER, a newspaper published at Norway, in said county, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of February, A. D. 1903, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

LIONDA E. FOSS, late of Norway, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof presented by Walter E. Foss, the executor therein named.

HARRISON NOBLE, ward of Paris; first account presented for allowance by Wm. F. Jones, guardian.

VERNON C. JUDKINS, ward of Waterford; first account presented for allowance by G. W. Devine, guardian.

CHARLES F. HOWARD, late of Hiram, deceased; final account presented for allowance also petition for an allowance out of the personal estate presented by Ella S. Howard, administratrix and widow.

WILLIAM WALKER, late of Fryeburg, deceased; final account presented for allowance by Hiram K. Hobbs, administrator.

WILLIAM S. PRATT, late of Norway, deceased; petition for an allowance out of the personal estate presented by Caroline W. Pratt, widow.

DAVID BONNEY, late of Paris, deceased; petition for an allowance out of the personal estate presented by Mary E. Bonney, widow.

WILLIAM B. CUSHMAN, late of Paris, deceased; petition that Alfred S. Kimball, administrator of the estate of Rhoda J. Cushman, late of Paris, be empowered, authorized or directed to execute deeds according to a contract made by said Wm. E. Cushman in his life time, presented by John A. Nickerson, second party to contract.

MARY A. RANDALL, late of Fryeburg, deceased; petition for license to sell and convey real estate presented by Berman N. Stone, trustee.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court. A true copy—Attest:
57 ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

FIREMAN'S FUND INSURANCE CO.

Of San Francisco, California.
Incorporated, 1853. Commenced Business,

